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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Court of Inquiry into the London bus strike is still in session as we write. While the Court sits, the public—or that part of it which does not own motor cars—walks to and from its work, or fights its way in and out of the Underground. Despite the inconvenience, there is general good humour and, so far as one can judge, general sympathy with the busmen. Some reproach them for naughtiness, or for bad tactics, in coming out at Coronation time. But, after all, they did not deliberately choose May 1st; their agreement expired on April 30th. They could doubtless have postponed action for a week or two; but it may have been to their advantage—and why should they be blamed for taking it?—to force the issue at once. The threatened complication of a strike of the trolley-bus and tram men has been averted, and the odds are that the buses will be running again by Coronation Day. The Court of Inquiry will have issued a report before the end of the week; and unless its findings are very different from what we expect them to be, the Government may secure a resumption of work by the promise to take the requisite steps without delay to meet the just claims of the men. That they are just claims we do not see how there can be any reasonable doubt. The case, as presented by Mr. Bevin and the witnesses he called at the inquiry, is overwhelming.

The Busmen's Case

The demand for a seven-and-a-half-hour day seems to us an extremely modest one. The strain and stress of driving day after day, week in week out, in the streets of London, with their din and stink and crowds, their traffic lights and Belisha crossings, is intensified, alike for drivers and conductors, by the increased size of the buses and the increased speed required of them. Irregularities of hours, shortness of "stand time" (at the end of a journey) and of meal reliefs are added grievances. The busmen's wages are relatively high; but if they were doubled they would not compensate for the damage to nerves and digestions which the men complain of. The evidence of doctors, and the statistics of sickness published by various investigators, are decisive. And what is the London Passenger Transport Board's answer to this case? They cannot, they say, afford the concession of half an hour off the working day. While the exact amount that it would cost is a matter of controversy, it is, broadly speaking, true that they cannot afford it, under the conditions imposed on them by statute. But that does not mean that the busmen must be left to stew in their own gastric juice, or that the public must pay higher fares—which would not necessarily increase revenue. It means, as is pointed out in an article on another page of this issue, that a new Act of Parliament is required to lower the unduly high rate of interest which the present Act assures to stockholders.

Revolt in Barcelona

Dissension on the Left, as everybody knows, is no new thing in Spain. Disputes between the Anarcho-Syndicalists and the Socialist and Communist and other supporters of the Republic have been a curse and a handicap to the loyalist cause all through the civil war. But the news of the internecine fighting in Catalonia this week is the worst we have had. Messages from the Franco-Spanish frontier reported an Anarchist rising in the capital on Tuesday, with fierce street fighting and heavy casualties, and similar trouble in other Catalonian towns. Full and accurate details are not yet obtainable; telephonic communication between Barcelona and France has been cut and the Pyrenean frontier closed, at the time of writing. It is said that the immediate cause of the outbreak was an order by the Catalonian Government that the Anarchists should give up their arms; while others attribute it to the proposal by the Valencia Government that a commander-in-chief of the Catalonian forces should be appointed—a proposal which is anathema to the Anarchists. Señor Companys and other Ministers on Tuesday night broadcast an appeal to "cease fire," and according to later reports a new Government has been formed that will ensure a truce in this deplorable conflict. But no one can pretend to descry signs of permanent peace between the sections of the Left.

The Basques at Bay

A ding-dong battle is still going on round Bilbao. The main fighting is in the mountains, where the Basques are putting up a strong resistance to the rebel advance, and according to reports from the Government side have cut off a considerable Italian force. The port of Bermeo has been captured by the insurgents, but is now under siege by the Basque batteries in the hills above. The Guernica–Bilbao road which was cut by the Basques has apparently been freed again by Franco's forces. While the evacuation of children from Bilbao to France and England is helping to ease the situation in the hard-pressed and crowded city, the defenders fear—and there appears to be good ground for it—air attacks on a bigger and even more frightful scale than those on Guernica and other places in the mountains. There is a concentration of German bombing machines and of Italian chasers, it is said, going on behind Franco's lines, in preparation for what is designed to be a decisive raid on Bilbao. And then, after their foul work is done there, they may proceed to destroy Madrid.

The Constitution of Eire

For practical purposes the most interesting feature of Mr. De Valera's new Constitution is the extent to which the President is invested with powers exceeding those once exercised by the British Crown. He has the right, at his discretion, to accord or refuse a dissolution to a Ministry which cannot command a majority in the Dail; he may refer to the Supreme Court and, on the Court's advice, veto any Bill which seems to him repugnant to the Constitution; and at the request of a majority of the (now re-created) Senate, backed by a third of the Dail, he may refuse to sign any Bill of national importance until it has been approved either by a general election or a referendum. In these functions he will have the advisory aid of a Council of State, composed of members partly appointed *ex officio* and partly nominated by the President himself. These provisions, coupled with the fact that he is commander-in-chief of the army, entrench the President in an exceptionally strong position. Controversial, from the point of view of Northern Ireland, is the Constitution's definition of Eire as "the whole of Ireland, its islands and the territorial seas, pending the re-integration of the national territory." It was, however, hardly to be expected that Mr. De Valera would waive this theoretic claim to exercise sovereignty over an Ireland one and indivisible, no matter how little he intends in practice to exercise his "rights." Nor is there any reason for surprise or complaint that the Constitution contains no specific reference to Eire's acceptance of membership of the British Commonwealth. A more ominous feature in the Constitution is a scarcely veiled hint that the Government may take steps to ensure that press, radio and cinema shall not be used to "undermine public order or morality or the authority of the State." This has a disquietingly authoritarian flavour, particularly in a document which gives a "special position" to the Catholic Church and is promulgated "in the Name of the Most Holy Trinity from Whom is all Authority."

Hitler's May Day

The Führer cannot be said to have contributed greatly to the jollity intended presumably to surround the Festival of Youth with which Germany celebrated May Day. In his speech at the Lustgarten to the assembled cohorts of the Labour Front, Herr Hitler concentrated on Germany's hard fate, on the impossibility of raising the wage level, and on the necessity for a State rendered supremely authoritarian by disciplining all "manifestations of individualism." With the exception of a sneering mention of the U.S.S.R. as a country "ruled by Jews," he made no reference to foreign policy, but reiterated his warnings to the Churches, that any attempt on their part to usurp the rights of the State would result in their being "forced back into the spiritual sphere." Meanwhile, Baron von Neurath's conversations with Mussolini in Rome have been conducted in the strictest secrecy. According to the official communiqué, the discussions confirmed the "parallelism of interests" between Italy and Germany. It is difficult to suppose that the question of intensifying Fascist air-force intervention in Spain has not been a topic for their deliberations; and Neurath may well have desired to learn how far the Duce is satisfied that he has really nobbled Jugoslavia and secured her neutrality in the event of a German *coup* against Czechoslovakia. Count Ciano's visit to Albania has been viewed askance in Belgrade, and General Goering has been engaged in persuading the Jugoslav Premier of the excellence of Italo-German intentions. Significantly, however, Dr. Stoyadinovitch thought it better to postpone his visit to Rome, originally planned for April 30th.

The Japanese Elections

Having decided, a month ago, to "admonish" the Japanese Diet by dissolving it, General Hayashi, the Premier, is once more confronted, after the General Election, with a Diet in which he commands no more than 40 votes out of 466. Another "lesson" has had to be administered. The Premier has announced that he has no intention of resigning, but expects members returned as opponents of the Government to "assist the Administration by correctly understanding the current situation."

This, he declares, is grave, and calls in the first instance for "Parliamentary reform"—a euphemistic term presumably for rigging the electoral laws in such a way as to produce a Diet more palatable to the military oligarchy. In the new Diet the two traditional parties—the Seiyukai, or agrarian Conservatives and the Minseito, or industrial Liberals—still command between them over 350 votes. So long as their temporary alliance in opposition lasts, the Government can scarcely claim to be ruling in accordance with the will of Parliament. An interesting feature of the returns is the gain of 19 seats (37 against a previous 18) by the Shakai Taishuto, or Social Mass party, formed in 1932. It is to be feared that the dawn of social-democracy in Japan is still distant, but the Social Mass programme—a blend of industrial nationalisation with State aid for peasant farming—is clearly gaining adherents.

M. Blum and the Building Trades

In France M. Blum and his Cabinet are being hard pressed by the Trade Unions with their demand for special measures to stimulate activity in the building industry. M. Blum is standing by his promise that there shall be a "pause," during which the Government will not resort further to the loan market. It is, however, impossible for him to meet the Trade Union claims with a mere negative; for building activity does sorely need some sort of stimulus from the State, and recovery in industry generally is now hanging fire, even if there are not already signs of actual recession. In these circumstances, the Government has announced a Bill designed to increase building activity without running counter to the promised pause. Details have not yet been published; but according to M. Spinasse, the Minister of National Economy, the Government means to set up a National Building Society, which will be authorised to raise capital by borrowing with the backing of a State guarantee. This body will make advances of capital to local and regional co-operative building societies, to which as much as 90 per cent. of the sums needed will be advanced by the national body. At the same time urban landlords are to be authorised to raise rents by not more than 10 per cent., with the consent of the tenants, on condition of spending the increase on real improvements.

Insurance for More Workers

Gradually unemployment insurance is being extended to cover new classes of workers. Agricultural labour was brought in last year under a special scheme, and early this year jobbing gardeners were included. Under the further extension just announced it is proposed to apply the Act to domestic workers employed in Government departments and institutions, and in clubs and societies not conducted for profit. This is obviously desirable; it is absurd that a waiter employed in a proprietary club run for profit should be inside the Act and a waiter in a non-profit-making club outside. But the main body of domestic servants in private houses will remain uninsured, even when the new extension takes effect. There are difficulties in applying the insurance scheme to these workers; but we doubt if they are any greater than those which have been overcome in other cases. The attractiveness of domestic employment would certainly be increased, and the unwillingness to transfer to it from other occupations reduced, if it were brought within the scope of insurance; and we hope the Statutory Committee will go on before long to this further extension. That would leave outside the scope of the Act only permanent public servants and railway workers, persons with earnings over the income limit, and odds and ends; and it is reasonable to hope that in the near future the scheme may be made practically universal.

A Charter for Lorry Drivers

While the busmen in London and elsewhere are on strike for shorter hours or improved conditions, the committee which has been studying the position of the road transport workers engaged in the goods services has presented a report which should substantially improve their pay and conditions. This report recommends that the Minister of Labour shall be empowered to fix binding minimum conditions of employment for lorry and van drivers on vehicles holding A or B licences, and that the C licence drivers should be given similar protection either by means of a general regulation of conditions in retail trade, or by the establishment of a special Trade Board. Road licences should be made conditional on the observance of the wages and conditions prescribed by the Minister, and should be suspended or withdrawn in case of any infringement. It is undoubtedly in the interests of road safety that satisfactory conditions of work shall be established for drivers of goods vehicles; and it was amply proved before the Committee that in many cases conditions as they are now are very unsatisfactory indeed. In view of the growing size of road goods vehicles and the growth of speeding-up—which is found fully as much in this type of work as in the omnibus services—it is very necessary to secure some form of authoritative regulation which can be enforced on all firms alike. The lorry and van drivers are less well organised than the busmen, and less articulate; but their grievances are no less.

The Miners' Dispute.

Mr. Baldwin's farewell appeal for industrial harmony has at least had the salutary result of reminding the public that a national mining stoppage over the trouble at Harworth is getting uncomfortably near. This week, a number of the Harworth strikers have been sentenced by the courts for offences arising out of the conflicts between them and the members of the Spencer Union who remain at work. The Spencer Union has issued a joint manifesto with the colliery owners against the proposed strike, maintaining the attitude that no recognition for bargaining purposes is to be given to the Nottinghamshire Miners' Association—the county unit of the M.F.G.B. The Spencerites and the owners contend that it is impracticable to recognise for bargaining purposes more than one Union in the coalfield, and that, as the Spencer Union is the recognised body for the existing agreement, this rules the N.M.A. out of court. But it does not appear that either the Spencerites or the owners are prepared to stand by the result of a free, secret ballot of the men. This, however, seems to be the obvious way out of the existing deadlock. If a national miners' strike is allowed to occur, it may well be the signal for a number of movements in other trades.

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GUERNICA AND OURSELVES

THE bombing of Guernica is the fulfilment in reality of a monstrous nightmare that the peaceful citizen has hitherto refused to take seriously. For the man who can even remotely imagine what is involved in the systematic bombing of an unarmed city and the machine-gunning of its helpless inhabitants there is only one question left—is there any way of preventing this horror of war continuing and spreading until it destroys us all?

Of one thing we are certain. No good is done by pretending that it did not happen, that it was really the inhabitants who fired their own city or similar nonsense; no good is done by pretending that such horrors will not be perpetrated, if once war breaks out, by every country, including our own. We are to-day manufacturing the aeroplanes and bombs which can be used as German and Italian aeroplanes and bombs are now being used in Spain. Nor is it any good to shirk the fact that Guernica is a rehearsal not only for Bilbao and Madrid, but also for Oxford and London. We are all awaiting the fate of the people of Bilbao; our only notion of evading it is to equip ourselves, in Mr. Baldwin's own phrase, to bomb the women and children of other countries more thoroughly and more quickly than they can bomb ours.

Our Government still talks of a League policy, of international appeasement and of possible disarmament in the future. But they have ceased to hope or even to pretend to work for these objects. Yet they are not unattainable—on one condition. The condition is that the Powers which still desire peace hold together in Spain, form through joint work for peace a union which the Fascist Powers will respect and which their populations may learn to envy. The chief obstacle to such a union is London, and the only way of changing British policy is for the British public to force a change of policy upon a Government which is by no means determinedly pro-Fascist, by no means unhumanitarian, but which will prefer, because of its divided sympathies and hesitating counsels, any vacillation to a straightforward denunciation of Fascist aggression and any alternative to the co-operation with other Powers necessary to stop that aggression. But it can be shamed into giving way when the facts are overwhelming and public opinion sufficiently roused.

Take the recent history of British policy in Spain. Pressed for evidence that mines had really been laid in the harbour of Bilbao, Sir Samuel Hoare explained in the House of Commons on January 21st, that he relied on reports that had been received from officers commanding British ships, on January 23rd, February 2nd and 25th and March 22nd. There had also been one report from a merchant vessel about a mine on April 13th. It seems curious, if the Government took these reports seriously, that they should wait until nearly the end of April before issuing any warning to British ships, and it is difficult not to connect this warning with General Franco's demand two days earlier that we should recognise his blockade. As for the lonely mine reported on April 13th, it seems likely that it was the same "dud" mine that a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* found when he spent the day in a motor boat, searching for evidence that there was any risk for British merchant ships entering Bilbao. That the risk was negligible is now, in effect, admitted by the Government, for on the same day on which Sir Samuel Hoare gave the dates on which evidence of mining had been received, Dr. Burgin, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, reported that there had been 12 arrivals and 12 departures of British ships in February, 13 arrivals and 12 departures of British ships in March, and 14 arrivals and 8 departures of British ships between April 1st and 27th. That is to say that there has been no effective blockade; the proportion of ships arriving in Bilbao had actually been greater after Franco's threat of a blockade. It is not surprising that after making these admissions the Government tone about the position of British ships carrying food to Bilbao was altered. Ships were no longer threatened; they were, in fact, guarded by the British navy up to the three-mile limit and were then effectively protected by the Basques' own guns from shore.

In exactly the same way the facts about Guernica and the implications that follow from them are forcing the Government to abandon an untenable position that there is no aggression in Spain, merely a war of "rival factions in which we have no concern." The appalling despatch in the *Times*, describing the destruction of Guernica from the air and the systematic slaughter of the civil population, was an eye-witness report, confirmed by other foreign correspondents on the spot. The Dean of the Catholic cathedral of Vallalodid, who witnessed this monstrous horror committed in the name of his Church, has set off to Rome to protest to the Pope in person. There is every indication that Guernica was destroyed by German aeroplanes, as a rehearsal for even larger bombardments in the future. A continuous stream of German aeroplanes is said to be arriving, flying high over French territory, and correspondents with unusual opportunities of knowing report that the Germans are likely to repeat the massacre of Guernica on an even larger scale in Bilbao and Madrid. We might have regarded the evidence for this supposition as inadequate, had we not the reports of Herr von Ribbentrop's attitude at the Non-intervention Committee on Tuesday. He protested that it was outside the scope of the Committee's legitimate activities to address to General Franco and the Spanish Government an appeal to abstain from the bombing of unarmed cities! He urged that it was sometimes necessary in war to bomb civilians. The impression created was that Germany was anxious not to be committed to condemnation of terrorist action, which she may be preparing in the near future.

Faced with the prospect of the general bombing of civilian populations, Mr. Eden at first declared that Britain could not aid the evacuation of Basque citizens without the consent of both sides. But Mr. Eden does not desire to go down to history as the Foreign Secretary who refused the protection of the British Navy to children escaping from death, and though General Franco objected to the evacuation the British Government is, in fact, co-operating with the French Government, and is engaged in evacuating as many Basque children as possible. The British Navy has instructions to protect from General Franco's piracy all ships, whatever flag they fly, which are carrying refugees from the Basque coast.

Last week the business of policing the coast and frontiers of Spain officially began. We have no evidence yet of

its effectiveness, but correspondents report that the Portuguese-Spanish frontier, which is supposed to be watched by the British, is still regarded as the easiest route for Fascist intervention and that there seems no doubt that German planes are arriving in considerable numbers in Spain. There is no method by which planes flying at a height of 12,000 feet can be stopped from passing over French territory. But if there is a will to make non-intervention effective it should not be impossible to obtain reliable reports about the arrival of aeroplanes in Spain, nor does anyone doubt that in the present circumstances a clearly defined stand by Britain, in conjunction with France, Russia and the smaller Powers, would be effective in stopping further German and Italian intervention. We have yet to meet any informed observer of the European situation who believes that Germany is prepared or desires to risk a war with England, France and Russia. The danger in Europe to-day is not of an immediate general war, but of another Fascist victory in Spain, as encouraging for an attack on Czechoslovakia as Abyssinia was for an attack on Spain. With the lamentable history of Abyssinia in their minds, the Fascist Powers are convinced that they can go on from day to day stringing the democratic Powers along on a thread of deceit.

British policy is due to a confusion of policies and a division of counsel. Part of the Cabinet wants Franco to win and in practice it is aided by Mr. Baldwin, who, we believe, is only actuated by a desire to keep England out of a European conflict. It is a worthy ambition, but merely to increase our armaments while condoning every Fascist advance is not the way to achieve it. Indeed this is a policy which leads straight to a war in which we shall be involved and for which we are in fact preparing. On the other side Mr. Eden, whose intentions are as good as his capacity to make them effective is negligible, loses every battle until shame forces a change of policy. The result is an extraordinary vacillation—the comic and shamefaced acceptance of Fascist policies one day, an equally comic show of firmness on behalf of the British Empire the next day, and a half-hearted espousal of the cause of Spanish democracy the third day. The only positive policy is a prodigious expansion of armaments.

But are we not, they ask, to guard London from the fate of Guernica? The answer is that London cannot be guarded by armaments, but that it can be guarded by a new policy in Spain. No amount of rearmament will save English towns, or the open towns of the enemy which we should bomb in return, from the fate of Guernica, unless we have the statesmanship to reconstruct the League as a union of non-aggressive Powers for mutual protection. We have an opportunity of rebuilding the League when Señor Del Vayo raises the question of the Spanish war at Geneva at the Council meeting on May 24th. Co-operation against Fascist aggression in Spain could be made the beginning of a genuine league of peoples welded together in a common determination to prevent aggression and on the basis of that determination to remedy injustices. But what will be the use of Britain looking for allies in the world if she stands with hands folded, while Fascism turns Spain into a shambles, and, incidentally, occupies those strategic positions on which the security of England and France still depends?

LONDON PASSENGER TRANSPORT

LONDON busmen employed by a public corporation have struck for better working conditions. Negotiations broke down not so much on the reasonableness or otherwise of the busmen's claims, but because the Board contended it could not meet these claims without endangering its financial structure. The capitalist argument for resisting the demands of labour applied in this instance of public ownership. Does that signify that the public corporation as a form of public ownership is a failure? If so, has it failed because of inherent faults or because of changed economic conditions?

Unquestionably the L.P.T.B. as at present constituted has serious defects; it is equally certain that increasing demands of the travelling public and the changing habits of Londoners, not foreseen at the time of the Board's creation, are also responsible. When Herbert Morrison introduced the London Passenger Transport Bill in 1930, he proposed the creation of a public board to operate London passenger transport. The fundamental principle underlying the Bill was that such a public corporation should not be subject to day-to-day interference by Parliament nor, on financial matters, to Treasury intervention. The objective was a public corporation combining maximum financial autonomy and independent administration with public accountability. It was hoped to achieve this by creating a financially self-supporting public board responsible for the payment of interest on its capital distributed as compensation to shareholders of the acquired concerns. Compensation, roughly speaking, was fixed so as to maintain shareholders' income at the level previously enjoyed. But they surrendered their voice in control; all that was left to them was the right to apply for the appointment of a receiver if the Board failed to meet its financial obligations.

To retain public accountability, Mr. Morrison proposed that the Board should be appointed by the Minister of Transport. In this way the Minister would be answerable in Parliament for the policy of the Board, which would be responsible to him and through him to Parliament. Unfortunately, the Bill had not passed through all its stages when the Labour Government was succeeded by the National Government in 1931. That changed the manner of appointment of the Board in such a way as to remove the Minister of Transport from the Bill. The Board that resulted was neither publicly owned nor controlled by Parliament. The appointment of the Board was delegated to "Appointing Trustees," a queer collection of individuals unrelated in interest one to another, and conceivably quite ignorant of transport problems. The Appointing Trustees are the Chairman of the London County Council; a representative of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee; the Chairman of the Committee of London Clearing Bankers; the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of England and Wales; and the President of the Law Society. The L.P.T.B., instead of being responsible to a Minister and through him to Parliament, is thus an independent Board with direct responsibility to no one. The Appointing Trustees have no permanency; the individuals may and do change from year to year. There can be no responsibility to them, and even if there were they have no responsibility to any other body. This strange device altered completely the original conception of the body created to administer London transport. It made the Board responsible an autonomous body and not one subject to Government control. Mr. Frank Pick, the Vice-Chairman of the Board, said soon after its creation:

> "The Minister of Transport has almost faded from the Act, and the Board is neither responsible to the Minister of Transport nor to the Railway Rates Tribunal. It may be responsible to Parliament, but Parliament must undo its work to re-establish its sovereignty . . . In the escape from capitalist control we have almost fallen into a dictatorship."

As far as its relations with Parliament are concerned, the

Board is in the same position as any statutory company. It must find its own sponsors to pilot its Private Bills through Parliament; it gets no Minister's assistance. Any questions to him are transmitted to the Board.

It was significant when the present strike threatened, and only outside interference could bring the Board and the Transport and General Workers' Union together, that it was the Minister of Labour who intervened and not the Minister of Transport. In this instance of the London bus strike the removal of the control from Parliament is one of the main reasons for the Board's failure. If the Minister of Transport had been responsible for the Board he would almost certainly have been subject to considerable questioning in Parliament concerning the working conditions of the busmen and of the progress of negotiations with them during the last 20 months. Any Minister responsible would have been unceasing in his efforts to avert a dispute with the employees of a public corporation, and had he failed his action would be challenged on the floor of the House and the matter thrashed out in debate. Up to the intervention of the Minister of Labour it had been the Board alone that dealt with the busmen, and from the published statement of the Board it can be deduced that the Board's attitude has been little different from that of the normal board of directors. Lord Ashfield as Chairman and Mr. Frank Pick as Vice-Chairman of the L.P.T.B. can be little different from the same gentlemen who occupied similar offices in the employ of the combine. The demand that public corporations shall accept capitalist standards of efficiency may be justified with complete control over those responsible for applying those standards, but without that control there is danger of the public monopoly having the consumer and the employees at its mercy. This experience raises the question whether the principle of employing the same controllers of an industry to run a public corporation after its transfer as before is necessarily wise.

The difficult financial position in which the Board finds itself is a result both of the generous compensation which was meted out to shareholders and of changed conditions in the metropolis. Herbert Morrison was a member of a minority Government, and only through negotiation could terms of transfer be arranged. Attempts to impose through Parliament terms unacceptable to the combine would have endangered the Bill. Further, at the time of negotiation conditions were far more favourable to the operators of London transport than they have been since. Costs of operation have risen, particularly of fuel and materials, the number of private cars in London has very much increased, while the rise in the number of pedal bicycles has been phenomenal. This last is due in part to the high cost of travelling. In addition the decline in the population of central London and the increase in that of the outer ring have created the need for continual development outward. While the Board has the right to increase fares to meet its interest payments, high fares do not necessarily mean increased revenue.

The Board's interest burden is at a level to meet which income has not risen sufficiently. The savings from co-ordination have been absorbed by partial standardisation of working conditions. While the interest on the fixed interest stocks has been earned, the "C" stock, which replaced the equity capital and totals more than £25,000,000, has as yet received only 4 per cent. The Act provided for a standard rate on this of 5½ per cent. plus an additional ½ per cent. payable in certain circumstances. To allow for the period of transition this 5½ per cent. only became the standard rate for the Board's year ending June 30th, 1936. If the standard rate is not paid at least once in three years the stockholders can apply to the Court for the appointment of a receiver. Payment of 5½ per cent. must be made on account of the year ending June 30th, 1938, if this is to be avoided. It is this financial obligation which the Board maintains is among the reasons why no concessions can be made to the busmen. The Board estimates the cost of meeting the busmen's demands at £650,000, or about 2½ per cent. on the "C" stock. Last year the Board placed no less than £2,300,000 out of revenue to renewals reserve, and of this only £220,000 was spent during the year. The Board alone knows if so large an allocation was necessary, but it is likely that the Board's intention was once in three years to make a smaller allocation to this reserve in order to pay the 5½ per cent. dividend and avoid default. It is an accident that the provisions regarding the standard rate can be so interpreted as to operate in this way. At the time when the amount of compensation was decided upon it was believed that the standard rate would be paid regularly. As it has turned out this provision is governing the whole financial policy of the Board.

If London Transport is yet to become a satisfactory experiment in public ownership, changes by act of Parliament are necessary. In the first place the responsibility of the Board to Parliament must be established. The Board should be made responsible to the Minister of Transport, who should be answerable in Parliament for matters of policy and principle.

Secondly, the standard rate cannot be retained at 5½ per cent. It cannot be earned if the obligations of the Board to its employees and to the travelling public are to be fulfilled. If by Act of Parliament the rate were arbitrarily reduced, stockholders would consider that they had received unfair treatment; nor would it be certain that any stated rate would always be earned. The alternative is for the rate to be reduced and its payment guaranteed by the Government. If the standard rate be reduced to 3 per cent. or 3½ per cent. and guaranteed, the Board's financial burden would be eased. In view of the lower rate the Government might never be called upon to implement its guarantee, but the financial obligations of the Board would be reduced and the stockholders' income, while less, would be surer, and as far as market value of their stock was concerned they would probably be better off than to-day. The Board may welcome this opportunity of drawing attention to the impossibility of fulfilling the Act's financial requirements, and it may hope to compel Government action to relieve it of its heavy burden.

The remaining lesson which the experience of the L.P.T.B. teaches is that the vital problem of how much compensation is to be given on the transfer of industry to public ownership has not yet been solved. If compensation is determined by past income, a burden of interest may be inherited which is too great for the public corporation to bear. Compensation must be no more than the corporation can bear, and where the payment of interest on its total capital would constitute too great a burden, there must be a Government guarantee. If this is not considered desirable, then, to allow for changing conditions, the lowest ranking stock should carry no fixed or standard rate but vary with earnings. One conclusion to be drawn from the present bus strike is that on the amount of compensation given may well turn the success or failure of a public corporation.

ERNEST DAVIES

A LONDON DIARY

AN observer coming, early in the week, across London from East to West, through streets surprisingly greyer from the absence of their red 'buses, might have learned some useful lessons about street decoration. Between the Bank and Marble Arch the highest and the lowest points are touched. Only a very few loyalists seem to have grasped the basic principle of this sort of art, that it should be essentially ephemeral. If it is to be done at all, it is as a spontaneous outburst of loyal excitement; it should seem to be the houses cheering: "The air broke into a mist with bells. . . . The church spires flamed, such flags they had!" The City, in Cornhill, Queen Victoria Street and Cheapside, has really caught this spirit. The scarlet and white, in big masses, set off by garlands and streamers, makes an arch from side to side as if the house-fronts were joining hands across the street. Nowhere else is anything like this effect achieved. The red and white are clearly the right colours for our London skies and architecture.

Wherever blue is much used, it darkens and overweights the colour pattern. Bond Street looks very elegant, with long Chinese banners in white. The gravest mistake is the ubiquitous use of what is called "gold," but is in fact a dirty yellow. Oxford Street starts at its east end with far too "refaned" a scheme of light blue-green and white; the green so near grey that it does not "tell," as the change to scarlet and white further west emphasises. But absolute bed-rock is reached at Selfridge's, which is a model of pretentious bad taste. The thing must have cost thousands of pounds to do; and it is spectacularly ugly and deforming. The building—itself not bad—is smothered with huge half-reliefs of gilt and silvered plaster, enormous gilt lions, swollen tassels, fussy and overdecorated hangings of every kind, all having an awful look of imitation permanence. One tenth of the cost, with one impulse of real taste, could have done justice to the commanding façade, and adorned Oxford Street instead of deforming it.

* * *

Although the Edward VIII postage-stamps had two serious faults—the lettering and the "cameo" finish of the neck, they were marvellously better than their George V predecessors. I rather feared that for the new reign we should be bustled back into dowdy fuss, but the new issues of the halfpenny, penny and twopence-halfpenny are the best stamps we have had since early Victorian days. They are designed by Mr. Eric Gill: the lettering is excellent, the spacing just, and the head itself, designed by Mr. Dulac, quite dignified. The three-halfpenny stamp, is less felicitous (but, luckily, also less permanent—it is a special Coronation model): the royal busts are too prosaically photographic, the crown is too large, and the general effect, like that of the new silver coins, is fussy and commonplace. The Post Office has also had a Coronation poster designed by Mr. Barnett Freedman, and this is refreshing, unconventional and lively. Why is the Post Office so much more wideawake than the Mint?

* * *

May Day in London is often rather a feeble show; this year both the "unofficial" Popular Front demonstration on Saturday and the orthodox turn-out on Sunday were bigger and more lively than usual. The bus strike, Spain and the French Popular Front gave increased vitality. Friends who saw May Day in Paris tell me that it was a really terrific affair. Of course, it began with the advantage of being in effect an official holiday. Even the newspapers, which in France always appear every day of the year, were absent—except the *Action Française*. The theatres were closed, and taxis and buses stopped at 8 p.m. The procession was the largest ever seen on May Day, and took about five hours, moving briskly, to pass. There were banners of previously unorganised workers; the workers of Citroën, Renault and some aeroplane works, passed with banners for each shop. The weather was summer, with the chestnuts already in flower, and the processionists were very gay; the women in their best clothes, the men often carrying tiny children, and almost everyone wearing the lily of the valley, which is the traditional May mascot. Help for Spain, pensions for the old and work for the young were the most usual demands on the banners, but I noticed also a "Vive l'armée de la Republique." (The French Communists have become very patriotic.) Most of the demonstrators were certainly Communists, but they sang the *Marseillaise* (the equivalent in France of *Rule Britannia*) and there were tricolours as well as red flags. Léon Jouhaux, who for five years has been head of the C.G.T., spoke cautiously and effectively in an official manner recommending the Blum policy of "pause." But the startling thing was the violent moderation of the Communists. Renaud, the Communist secretary of the Parisian region, rose to a climax pledging the C.G.T. to the defence of the workers, the peasant, and—in loudest ringing tones—"le petit rentier."

* * *

The bombing of Guernica has had a great effect on British opinion. Pro-Franco feeling in the House of Commons scarcely raises its head and support is coming from all sides for the Basques. The National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief at once sent out Leah Manning to Bilbao and Edith Pye went out for the Society of Friends. The Salvation Army is co-operating and people everywhere are offering hospitality to Basque children. I understand that 4,000 are to come to England; they will first be looked after near Southampton and then housed in hostels in various parts of England. The evacuation of the civilian population from Madrid has already been going on for several months. G. T. Garratt, whose name is familiar to readers of this paper, has been largely responsible for this job. Sir George and Lady Young are organising relief in the Almeria district. What puzzles me is that the Peace Pledge Union takes no official part in a movement which unites Liberals and orthodox Labour with the whole Left and peace movement, and which includes humanitarians of every or no political party. Here, I should have thought, was a great opportunity for a group with a message to show that it can, like the Quakers, serve society by "non-violence." The Society of Friends has a unique and wonderful reputation in every part of the world just because its established custom has for generations been to go at once and do things that are wanted at personal risk and at the risk, too, of misunderstanding. If it had just stood for non-resistance in time of war, who would have even bothered about it? Its influence in war has come from its work in peace. If the Peace Pledge Union merely stands for disciplined non-violent resistance in war time it will quickly fizzle out. The question is whether it can do anything before war comes. When the bombs are falling the difference between a man who is standing with his hands folded and one who is gesticulating with a rifle will scarcely be noticeable.

* * *

Arthur Koestler, *News-Chronicle* correspondent at Malaga, who was imprisoned by Franco, has now been seen in gaol at Seville by the British Consul and is reported to be in good health. It is something to know that he is alive. But he has been in prison for three months; he has not been charged with any offence and all inquiries are met with a bland statement that his case is *sub judice*. There is no information about what charge, if any, is to be brought against him. The organised journalists of the world have made their protests and been ignored. General Franco is at least logical. Completely oblivious to such civilised standards of conduct as have been built up in the past, he makes no distinction between killing civilians and killing combatants, and regards the correspondent of any newspaper which is not pro-Fascist as an enemy to be treated as the military command thinks fit.

* * *

I doubt if modern history can show an odder controversy than the row now going on between *Der Stürmer* and *Siegrune*, the militant organ of the "new German faith." (The whole story is told in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, one of the most useful sources of information about Germany.) Both papers are insanely anti-semitic, but they quarrel about Christianity, which is described in a special number of *Der Stürmer* as an anti-semitic world movement of heroic proportions. The Crucifixion, according to *Der Stürmer*, was the first "ritual murder." *Siegrune* replied, also in a special number, urging that *Der Stürmer* had forgotten St. Paul and got Jesus Christ all wrong. It referred to his "various adventures" in the years when he was "sowing his wild oats," and deduces his "Jewish cowardice" from the fact that our first knowledge of him shows him escaping from possible danger. *Siegrune* went on to explain the Sermon on the Mount as a series of confused maxims designed to upset the minds of simple people—they uprooted the disciples from their proper job of fishing and seduced an official from his post. At the marriage at Cana Christ spoke to his mother with an insolence that "German youth will do well not to make their model." He "coarsely offended the majesty of death" and threw the money-changers out of the temple in a way after the manner of a "Bolshevik mob" in a church. This remarkable issue

of the *Siegrune* carries a picture of Ludendorff, in uniform, with the caption "This man too fights against Pharisees and theologians among his own people, unacknowledged, blasphemed and dispised." I am not sure whether that is a hit at Christ or Hitler. But clearly a ruling is needed from the Führer. Is Jesus to be regarded as a sub-human Jew or was he an Aryan foully murdered by the Jews?

* * *

Awed and blushing painfully (I think I must have been, but fortunately there was no one there to notice) I walked under the awning into Burlington House and found myself among the Great Minds at the Royal Society Conversazione. This, I said to myself, is the mightiest of Institutions; it has revolutionised the world and yet how eminently respectable it remains! I am shaking hands with Professor A., Sir William Blank and Dr. X . . . household names everywhere . . . Great Minds unbending to drink coffee or claret cup, to eat sugar cake while they discuss magnetic fields, the structure of the crystal, the habits of the spiny ant-eater. "Don't you think," says a gentle voice at my shoulder, "that everyone here would be better dead?" I am fairly staggered. "Better if the Royal Society had discovered nothing these 250 years?" "Yes," says my friend, "I think if they had stopped at steam, society might have absorbed their discoveries, but electrons, the internal combustion engine, high explosives and aeroplanes . . . no!" "But," I said, "have these great minds no feeling of responsibility for the application of their discoveries? What are their politics?" "Most of them," he said, "are Liberals, mildly to the Left; they believe in progress and all that; but they think changes in society ought to take place slowly, if they are to benefit mankind." Take place slowly! They are not in favour of sudden change, these revolutionaries who turn grass and forests into steam hammers and silk stockings in a decade; who put a girdle round the earth in a trice, who uproot society, build it towering up to heaven and wipe it out in a night. . . Not for sudden change these revolutionaries whose achievements make the activities of Napoleon and Lenin look like the marshalling of tea leaves at the bottom of a cup!

* * *

If you have the sense to wander into the London Gallery, 28 Cork Street, W.1, to see the exhibition of Low's drawings you will notice, if you have any eye, that he is a superb artist as well as the greatest political cartoonist of our age. As it is always wise to flatter the great, I made some remark on these lines to Low himself at the "private view." Coyly his eyes sought the ground. "Yes," he said, "that's a good line. Don't make too much of my political complexion." Low wants to be loved for himself alone.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to M.R.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

The Royal Academy is justly esteemed as the ultimate court of aesthetic appeal.—Lord Macmillan at Royal Academy banquet reported in the *Times*.

In my home town, and possibly in yours, the Coronation was celebrated by a grand balloon ascent. We were also going to roast an ox whole in the market place, but nobody knew exactly how to do it. It was a year [1911] that nobody who lived in it and was old enough to see and hear will ever forget. It was the year of Teddy Bears, of Diabolo, of the first Ping Pong craze.

Everything that sticks in the memory from the pre-war era seems to have happened just then.—H. W. Seaman on Coronation Year 1911 in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

In a reference to the mutual obligations of the art of painting and the art of war, Sir Cyril said that the problem of camouflage could be solved only by the artist.—Extract from report of Sir Cyril Newall's speech at the R.A. Banquet, in the *Observer*.

The Mayor [of Maidstone] appealed to the members of the Council to take the celebrations to heart, he also asked the members and their wives to have tea with the old people. "I cannot imagine anything to make the old people more happy," he said, "than for the members of the Council and their wives to take tea with them."—*Kent Messenger*.

Mr. R. Armstrong, replying to the toast, said there was proof that the hunt was not out to kill in the fact that although through the bad weather there had been only 36 meets there had been only 24 hares killed in a season in which hares were particularly plentiful.—*Yorkshire Post*.

King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, planted trees which have flourished. King George V, Queen Mary and the Princess Royal each planted trees now of sturdy growth. But not so Edward, Prince of Wales. His tree, planted twenty-six years ago, has only grown 6ft. and is sickly. This is regarded as of ill-omen to-day.—*Sunday Pictorial*.

Public conveniences erected in the Abbey for Coronation Day reflect neatly the quaint distinctions of British social life. Those for the male sex will be marked: Peers, Gentlemen, Men; while others will be labelled: Peeresses, Ladies, Women.—*Daily Mirror*.

Our national life is standing on broken moral laws. How long will it stand? We can eliminate the tobacco canker by wise teaching. If we fail, our national prestige will go and life will become intolerable.—Letter in *Glasgow Bulletin*.

COOKS AND CALORIES

[FROM A SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT]

WHEN the Advisory Committee on Nutrition was appointed in May, 1935, its members determined to find the answer to three questions: "(1) Is there sufficient food produced in or imported into the country to ensure for everyone a diet in conformity with the principles of modern knowledge? (2) Are the diets of different sections of the population adequate in every respect in the light of recent advances in the knowledge of nutrition? (3) Is the state of nutrition of every section as good as it could be made by the application of modern knowledge?" In the first report, which that Committee has now published, the answer they give to each of these three questions is an emphatic "No."

To state the problem more crudely: although statistics in this matter are difficult to estimate with accuracy, and we therefore give these figures with due caution, it certainly does seem to be true that 50 per cent. of the population of these islands does not have the optimum diet (i.e., the diet which brings the structure and functions of the body to a point beyond which they cannot be improved by more food); and that 10 per cent. of the population is actually physiologically underfed.

These appalling facts are generally accepted, if not with equanimity, at least with resignation, as an inevitable result of economic conditions. The present state of things in this country is such, it is presumed, that the wages of 50 per cent. of the people simply are not sufficient to allow them to buy all the food they need, even though some of them (the lowest of the six income groups into which Sir J. Orr, in his book, *Food and Income*, divides the nation) already spend 80 per cent. of their earnings on food alone. But a glance at other countries less prosperous than our own suggests that this cannot be the whole explanation. The prosperity not only of Italy and Germany, but of France, too, is much lower than that of England. Yet anyone who travels in these countries even in these days of hardship cannot but be aware of the fact that even the peasants and the smallest wage-earners do as a whole look better nourished than the population not so much of our villages or even of our depressed areas, but of our urban districts.

It seems to follow that the reason for the existing state of things in England is not entirely that the lesser-paid

members of the community have not sufficient to nourish themselves adequately (though, of course, it would be absurd to deny that poverty is the principal cause of the prevalent malnutrition), but that a very large proportion of the housewives of England seem to lack two vital kinds of knowledge which appear to be instinctive with other Europeans. In the first place, in spite of recent efforts at education of this sort (instruction in these matters is given at most Child Welfare centres), they still have only the most rudimentary ideas of food values and buy food without the least idea of what it represents in nutrition. And in the second, when they have bought it, they either are too lazy or do not know how to cook it in such a way as to extract the maximum value from it. This criticism, it may be said in passing, does *not* as a rule apply to the wives of those members of the community whose lot at present is the hardest. In the families of miners, of agricultural labourers and of many humble villagers, the wife, with something like 2*s.* 11½*d.* per head per week to spend on food and the most inadequate of cooking equipment at her command, often manages, by using her wits and sticking continually to her job, to raise superb specimens of humanity. The women who are much more to blame for the present state of affairs are the urban wives whose circumstances are slightly better and who, having as a rule fewer children and a larger income, seem to have cast off their domestic virtues with their responsibilities.

To begin with the question of food values. It is still a fixed idea in England (though not perhaps in Scotland) that no one can be really properly fed without meat and eggs, but especially meat. Such a belief is all very well for those who can afford these commodities, but for those who cannot—and they are many—it merely means that they resign themselves to never having the only things they think can nourish them, or else do without other vital necessities so as to save up for an occasional outburst of extravagance upon these two items. But if they could be informed, in simple terms, that these foods have actually less caloric value than many that are cheaper, a big step would surely already have been taken towards seeing that all classes of the community know how to procure a diet that is adequate to their needs and yet within their means. For instance, it is commonly accepted that a workman needs 3,500 calories a day. Socially the problem is whether those calories are to be made up from expensive or inexpensive foodstuffs. Fats have by far the greatest quantity of calories for their weight, but are only used to make up the deficiencies of calories in proteins and starches. The lowest paid members of the community live on vegetable fats, the highest on animal fats. To give an idea of the comparative value of calories and prices—*Proteins :* a pennyworth of beef means 133 calories ; *Starches :* a pennyworth of porridge and milk means 150 calories. The man who has had a pennyworth of porridge and milk not only feels, but is, better filled than he who has eaten a pennyworth of beef.

A great deal still remains to be done, too, in persuading the lower-paid members of the community of the value that lies in fruit and vegetables. The latter certainly are still often too dear to be accessible, but fruit is not, as a glance at the prices on the innumerable stalls and barrows in the poorer quarters of our cities is enough to prove. Yet it appears still to be regarded, at least in these quarters, rather as a pleasant extra that can only sometimes be afforded, than as in itself a necessary, health-and-strength giving part of daily food. Then there is milk, too. In spite of the Government's insistence upon its importance and all the efforts which have recently been made to popularise it, not only among children, but among adults too, the average consumption of it remains well below one pint a day per head of the population. But this is a question which brings us to the second matter to which we attributed malnutrition—the widespread ignorance and laziness about cooking.

Milk, for instance, is taken only in tea, coffee, or such drinks, in milk puddings or recently as a disgusting, to my mind, neat drink in one of those spotless Milk Bars that now adorn our streets. The idea that it can be used in, say, soups, simply does not occur to most women, and should be inculcated forthwith. Milk should be used instead of stock. In many small homes only tinned soups are eaten because there is no stock-pot and it is simply not known that milk can and should be used instead. In my medical practice I find the greatest difficulty in conveying the knowledge that the lightest and most nourishing soup can best be made with, say, some flour, of any sort, dissolved with cold water, and cooked with milk. And this is true also of all the soups that are generally made with stock, or where milk could be used mixed in equal parts with stock. If this simple piece of knowledge were to be drilled into the people, and the habit of eating such soups were formed, the milk consumption of the country would double itself in six months.

And while we are speaking of stock why not introduce here the French national dish of *pot au feu*, which Henri IV desired to smell in every house throughout his kingdom. There is no more thrifty way of using a piece of meat with the trimmings of bone and fat that are sold with it. Many people think that the Irish stew or the Lancashire hot-pot is a British variant of *pot au feu* and just as good. But this misapprehension is symptomatic both of our ignorance of cooking and of our lack of thrift. Because the Irish stew is not an altogether satisfactory dish compared with the *pot au feu*, where you have (1) perfect clear *bouillon* which, when left to cool down, becomes a jelly and can be eaten as such, or heated up again ; (2) vegetables such as potatoes and carrots which have kept their shape and colour ; and (3) a piece of meat which remains appetising even when cold. This is really of all dishes the most economical known, all the more as it needs only a very small fireplace and a minimum of fuel.

Much of its virtue, of course, comes from the fact that it is cooked slowly. But the value of slow cooking in general is again a matter which many Englishwomen fail to recognise. Admittedly, when the mother of the family has herself to go out and work it is impossible for her to do otherwise than prepare hasty meals. Admittedly, too, great numbers of women are obliged to cook hastily because all they have is a share of a gas-ring, or, if they have the equipment, because the present cost of gas forces them to use as little as possible. But very often it is the woman who has more time for cooking and can afford to do it properly who is also the laziest and the one who won't be bothered. Little work and quick results are what is aimed at. For instance, the other day I asked my barber, who has an apparently flourishing business, the kind of things he normally has for his evening meal. " Oh," he said, " my wife, she doesn't believe in spending a lot of time cooking. So she just waits till she sees me turning the corner of the road, and then pops the frying-pan on the fire with some bacon and tomatoes, or sausages, or perhaps a bit of fish in it, and by the time I get in and take my things off, the meal's ready." No doubt it is, and very tasty, too. The barber and his wife both enjoy it, while remaining cheerfully unaware that this rapid cooking at a high temperature has so altered the fat molecules as to make them work as acid agents inside the body. And so when, perhaps a little later that same evening, they experience the discomforts of indigestion, they " can't understand it." Nor can they, and thousands like them, understand why, after such a good supper, they have a ravenous appetite at breakfast-time—an appetite which, for the most part, is stayed with another meal of exactly the same kind. A meal just as simple in its ingredients, but cooked slowly and carefully as probably it would be in most French homes, would have prevented both these after effects.

I suggest then that in addition to a campaign for raising wages we also need a national campaign to provide instruction in these relatively simple matters, which yet would have such far-reaching results. The Government has already shown its anxiety for the physical welfare of the people by appointing the National Advisory Council, composed chiefly of athletes, to consider means of developing the physique of the nation by games and exercises.

To appoint another body to take measures in these domestic matters would be no more than common sense, since no amount of physical training will in the long run be any good if the people remain undernourished. But if, with the appalling expenditure that already faces the nation, such an additional burden should be too great, might not a private fund be inaugurated to meet this need? There was a ready and generous response to the George V Jubilee Fund to provide playing fields for the youth of the nation. It is difficult to believe that there would not be an equally quick response to a fund, which might well be called the Queen Mary Fund, whose ultimate object would be to ensure that the bodies of those who are to use the playing fields shall not be victims of that malnutrition which is at present a national disgrace.

MR.

IT was like revisiting a genteel and halcyon world to read the *Times* reports of the first cricket matches of the season. Cricket itself, whatever its origin may have been, is the leisurely game of a leisurely age; but it was not this that made me feel, as I read the *Times*, as if I were living in a sunnier generation. What charmed me into this illusion was the use of the prefix "Mr." before the name of every amateur player. The professional player was referred to, like a Continental dictator, by his plain surname, but the amateur was never left without the decoration of gentility. Thus: "Mr. Buckston's next ball brought about Paynter's downfall," "Mr. Stephenson and Bowes began the bowling," "Mr. Wyatt was caught at second slip, and Mr. Robins was caught at the wicket—two wickets well deserved. So in the last half-hour there was Edrich and Mr. Aird still there with every chance of Yorkshire starting their season with a defeat."

All this Mistering has for me a gleam of old-world charm. It is so exquisitely out of touch with modern life—as much out of touch with modern life almost as a Dresden shepherdess. This gay insouciant figure of the gentleman mixing freely with the boys of the proletariat belongs to a Utopia of leisure—leisure, if not for all, at least for a great number of beautifully dressed people. The very name of one of the big matches of the season—"Gentlemen versus Players"—calls up before the imagination the same vanished Utopia. It is a name with which many people quarrel in these democratic days on the ground that it is an insult to the Players. To me it seems to reflect still more unfavourably on the Gentlemen, since, while it does justice to their superior social status, it casts a slur on the quality of their cricket. If a Player is no gentleman, it makes it equally clear that a Gentleman is no player. Injustice, therefore, seems to cancel injustice out; and I see no good reason for abolishing a name that is so attractive a historical survival. How ingloriously flat "Amateurs versus Professionals" would seem in comparison!

There is no doubt, however, that many people nowadays are profoundly—or shallowly—outraged by the distinctions that are still preserved between the amateur and the professional. I know a man who, when he goes to Lord's and sees Hendren and company coming out of one gate of the pavilion and Mr. Robins and company coming out of another, invariably grinds his teeth and mutters, "Oh, for another Cromwell!" or "I'm not a Communist, but what we need is a Stalin to clean up English cricket." This, I confess, seems to me to be making a mountain out of a molehill. I am sure that the separation of the amateurs and professionals in different dressing-rooms was originally as much to the taste of the professionals as of the amateurs. In class-conscious—even caste-conscious—days they were more at their ease among themselves, and were free from any painful sense of inferiority in having to go to the wicket through one gate rather than another. Possibly, to-day, when everybody, from the head of the aristocracy to the last hair on the tip of the tail of the proletariat, is endowed with a radio-active inferiority complex, things are different. Manners and customs, too, have been to a considerable extent democratised, and the gulf between a Gentleman and a Player is disappearing. Cricket, no doubt, is the most conservative of games, but even cricket will wake up some day and realise that this is the twentieth century. And then, without the intervention of a Cromwell or a Stalin, the Hendrens and the Mr. Robinses will stream out on to the green field at Lord's through the same central gate.

Even the "Mr." is pretty sure to go. Every distinction will go except the initials that are prefixed to the amateur's name in the list of players. A newspaper attempted to abolish even this distinction a few years ago on the ground that it was a relic of snobbery; but it wisely reverted to the common custom. To give an amateur his initials is not to emphasise his social superiority: it is merely a method of communicating to the public the fact that he is an amateur. I myself cannot help feeling interested when I am told that a famous Australian cricketer makes his living as an undertaker or that a well-known English amateur is a wine-merchant. There is no snobbery in the love of minute detail about people whose work or play we admire. It is a mark of snobbery, on the other hand, to be always on the look-out for snobbery where no snobbery is intended.

As for "Mr.," it is on its last legs, and, apart from cricket, I am sorry for this. If you compare the journalism of to-day with journalism at the end of last century you will be astonished at the extent to which the old formal "Mistering" of public and eminent men has declined. I cannot myself get used to this. I am too much of a Victorian to refer in print to Mr. Shaw as Shaw, or to Mr. Wells as Wells. This seems to me to be halfway along the road to calling them by their Christian names. Manners change so rapidly, indeed, that it would not be at all surprising to see a newspaper nowadays referring to Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain as Stanley and Neville, or even as Stan. and Nev. There has been such an eruption of Christian names and surnames in recent years as has not been known since the prefix "Mr." was invented. People find themselves addressed by their Christian names by other people whose names they do not know and whom they do not even know by sight. This is probably a symptom of a vague general friendliness in the social atmosphere, in which all men, if not brothers, are at least cousins. This is pleasant enough, but I am half a ritualist and I like a slight flavouring of formality, especially in print.

I used to think my grey-bearded English professor was going to extremes when in his lectures he invariably spoke of Addison as "Mr. Addison" and of Jane Austen as "Miss Austen." "Mr.," at least, seems suited only to the living, though Mrs. Siddons and Miss Mitford still retain similar prefixes among the democracy of the dead. It would be incongruous for a lecturer to speak of "Mr. Keats" or "Mr. Shelley," and it would be barbarous to speak of "Mr. Shakespeare." Yet Addison, living in the formal age of Queen Anne, seems not unsuited by his "Mr.," just as Jane Austen's residence in Bath seems to entitle her to her "Miss." On the whole, however, I think the immortals do not gain by these social prefixes. We do not express our respect for Apollo by calling him Mr. Apollo or for Aphrodite by calling her Miss (or Mrs.) Aphrodite.

It may, indeed, be a token of respect even to the living to call them by their names without a prefix. Mussolini seems a greater man than Signor Mussolini, and Hitler than Herr Hitler. There is a suggestion in the use of their bare unadorned names that they are already immortals of the company of Zeus. How trivial "Heil, Herr Hitler!" would sound in comparison with "Heil, Hitler!" It would remind every one who said it or heard it that Herr Hitler was not a god but a mere man. The English "Mr." and the French "Monsieur" have done much to prevent the idolatry of statesmen. I doubt whether it is possible to have a dictator who is called "Mr." I should regard it as a sign of the growth of democracy in Russia if Stalin insisted on being henceforth known as Mr. Stalin.

Consider, for a moment, the long list of the tyrants of the

past and the present, and I shall be surprised if you find a "Mr." among them. There were no "Mr.s" in Asia, and, unless a scholar contradicts me, I shall continue to believe that in the ancient Greek world the word "Mr." was unknown. And what a seed-bed of tyranny those regions of the earth were, since there was nothing to remind the Mr.-less man that, like his fellows, he was a mere member of a class and an equal among equals. I am not contending that with the spread of "Mr." and "Monsieur" the world immediately blossomed into democracy. I do contend, however, that, ever since the use of those colourless prefixes became general, the world has steadily become more democratic. The original "Master" may have contained a suggestion of despotism, but the taint was removed when, with a sound instinct, men changed the "a" into a narrow "i" and abbreviated the word to the finely non-committal "Mr."

Hence, for the sake of democracy, I hope that in future we shall have fewer Shaws and Wellses and Baldwins and Chamberlains and more Misters. It is a mistake to deify these men while they are still alive. Low is the only living great man who can be safely allowed to be known by his surname. Low, and, perhaps, cricketers and footballers, for cricketers and footballers, though they may become idols, have never yet been known to aim at a despotism. But statesmen are different: surnames go to their heads. Let us, therefore, keep on Mistering them in print and on the platform. Otherwise we may wake up one morning to find ourselves compelled to raise our arms in salute to each other when we meet in the street and to greet each other with the slogan, "Hail, Hore-Belisha!" Y. Y.

PAJAROS NEGROS*

A hideous week in Spain has involved the complete destruction of Guernica . . . little doubt remains that it was the exclusive work of German aeroplanes and bombers.—*Observer*, May 2nd.

BLACK birds over Guernica roaring and wheeling,
fighters and bombers hawking and swooping in chase
over the tottering churches, the farmsteads, the reeling
houses and market-place,

filling the eyes with the image of terror, and filling
the ears with the screams of the buried under the walls,
droning and drumming, soaring and zooming, rending and killing
glutted as darkness falls.

Leaving the place of their feasting blackened and burning,
leaving the ruins for omen, the dead for a sign,
blackbirds voided of death to their eyries returning
honoured over the Rhine.

Who shall avenge Guernica? None will avenge her,
It is not the blood of our children that cries from the ground.
Death has no summons to call from the sky the revenger,
the murdered make no sound.

Over our shifts and surrenders, connivance unending,
hover the smoke and the reek of that smouldering pyre,
We will remember Guernica when black birds descending
Our cities set on fire. SAGITTARIUS

* Pajaros negros (black birds), the current Spanish phrase for the great Junker bombers. (*Times*, April 30th.)

Next week's issue
will be published on Friday
as usual.

Correspondence

GUERNICA

SIR,—On February 18th Mr. Baldwin's lips broke their seal. "Under any system of collective security," he said, "this country will be the first to stand the racket in the air, provided that the country against whom collective security was engaged was within a radius from which she could bomb us." Sir Thomas Inskip also, on April 23rd at Barrow, warned us that "it is obviously upon England, considered geographically, that any impact of invasion would first and chiefly fall."

It is amazing that those two statements have gone almost unnoticed in England. Surely they are key statements. They show up the main reason why British foreign policy still staggers backwards from dangerous betrayal to dangerous betrayal, and what will have to be done before that retreat can be stopped.

The fate of Guernica has made plain what "to stand the racket in the air" at present means. The *Times*' special correspondent in Bilbao tells us how—

> The whole town of 7,000 inhabitants, plus 3,000 refugees, was slowly and systematically pounded to pieces. Over a radius of five miles round a detail of the raiders' technique was to bomb separate *caserios* or farm-houses. . . . All the villages around were bombed. . . .
>
> Guernica was not a military objective. A factory producing war material lay outside the town and was untouched. . . . The town lay far behind the lines. . . . Monday [the day of the raid] was the customary market-day in Guernica for the country round. . .

But why should Great Britain be "the first" to stand the racket in the air? Because Great Britain is to air attack not only vulnerable but *far more vulnerable* than any near-by Great Power. If it came to an exchange of bombs, the bombers of more than one near-by Great Power would have—from frontier aerodrome to objective—much less far to go than ours, so that they could raid us more often in a given time, carrying less petrol and more bombs, and we should get less warning of their coming. We are also dependent largely on imported food, all our ports and their approaches being within range of air attack from more than one near-by Great Power; and no country in Europe presents a target like London.

What does this mean? Surely that, unless and until Great Britain's vulnerability is so reduced as to offer little or no chance of a quick decisive victory to a ruthless attack from the air, no real resistance to Fascist aggression, no system of collective peace, will be possible, and to attempt it may even increase the danger of war. For a desperate and militarised nation, noticing that one of the main members of the anti-aggression front is so peculiarly vulnerable as to offer it a chance of a quick victory, may well seize that chance, hoping that the other members will not risk letting loose the incalculable forces of modern warfare upon their own people for the sake of an ally now worthless. (They might even be induced to share in the spoils.) And because of this danger, Great Britain's contribution to collective security of any kind cannot be made reliable—even by a Labour Government—until Great Britain's vulnerability has been decisively diminished.

The practical conclusion is clear and urgent. Our first job is so to reduce this country's vulnerability as to deprive any country of all or nearly all chance of winning a quick victory by a sudden ruthless attack on this country. How? By the policy of mainly non-menacing defence Instead of concentrating, as at present, on a competition in counter-menaces, Great Britain must concentrate her £1,500,000,000 *mainly* on those measures which will reduce her own vulnerability without menacing other countries. These measures will have to include the storage of at least a year's supply of essential foodstuffs in small stores dispersed throughout the country, up-to-date anti-aircraft batteries and plenty of them, the duplication and protection of the essential services, and measures to divert research on to non-menacing methods of reducing vulnerability.

To some people this policy will appear at first sight hopelessly inadequate. But consider again Guernica. According to the eye-witness's account in the *Times*,

> The rhythm of this bombing of an open town was . . a logical one: first, hand-grenades and heavy bombs to stampede the population, then machine-gunning to drive them below, next heavy and incendiary bombs to wreck the houses and burn them on top of their victims.

Clearly, if there were only anti-aircraft batteries in fair quantities, this systematic destruction and massacre of a whole city would

be quite impossible. Of course the only hope of complete immunity from air attack is the internationalisation of air power. But the policy of mainly non-menacing defences here proposed can diminish the danger of war from the air substantially—in two ways. First, by greatly reducing the number of bombers that could get through (this will not only save lives directly but have a deterrent effect, less upon attacking airmen than upon General Staffs, to whom their aircraft and trained airmen must be precious and slow to replace). Secondly, by preventing the results of an air attack from involving hundreds of thousands of people in places not directly hit by bombs. In these ways Great Britain, though she will still be comparatively vulnerable, can soon cease to be *temptingly* vulnerable. Although we cannot alter geography, we can reduce this country's vulnerability enough to deprive any would-be aggressor of any reasonable chance of a quick victory over us. That will make an attack on Great Britain unlikely; and it is the essential condition of Labour's foreign policy.

Without this change to a policy of mainly non-menacing defence, our £1,500,000,000 will be worse than wasted. For, besides that collective security will be impossible, we shall not even get the best national defence that is still possible. How could Great Britain, a country now exceptionally vulnerable, even if she kept a force of bombers " equal " to that of the strongest Power within striking distance, do or threaten anything like equivalent damage? And surely, the more bombers on each side the greater the disadvantage of the more vulnerable side. The matching of bombers against bombers is therefore the kind of arms competition which must go against Great Britain more and more. This is pure common sense—that for an especially vulnerable country to rely mainly on power of counter-attack is suicidal folly. An alternative to that is essential.

The fate of Guernica is the writing on the wall—clear enough, one would think, for it is written in pictures. Let us act on the warning. The action required is the policy of mainly non-menacing national defence, as the complement to a fresh start towards collective security. JONATHAN GRIFFIN

THE CAMBRIDGE UNION VOTE

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to expand Critic's note last week on the debate at the Cambridge Union. The speeches on both sides were on a high level, thoughtful, serious and devoid of claptrap. I myself happened to be (for physical reasons) rather off colour. My opposite number was Mr. Boyd Carpenter, a barrister, and ex-President of the Oxford Union. He made an admirably effective reply, neither pleading for collective security nor for an international police force. He declared with eloquence that in the world of to-day with all its possible dangers, security for a nation could only be obtained by adequate armaments. He amusingly charged me with being a mixture of Jeremiah and Sir John Simon. I felt sure he had carried the day, although the five-minute speeches which continued up to 11.45 showed sharp differences of opinion. There was a full house and a crowded gallery. But many abstained. The opinion which prevailed by the narrow majority of 94 to 90 showed the deep conviction that war preparation leads to war; and that while there may be no cause of dispute between nations which cannot be adjusted at the council table, the concentration of our resources on this one object and the consequent militarisation of the nation constituted so grave a danger to peace and democracy that every sensible man should protest. PONSONBY

Haslemere.

"SI VIS PACEM"

SIR,—May I be allowed a word in defence of my letter which has brought upon my head the wrath of Mr. Robertson? Although I never mentioned the word, he has taken it for granted that I am a Pacifist. In point of fact this is not so, though admittedly I am being more and more persuaded to this attitude by the reaction of the Left to the Spanish conflict. I was merely calling attention to what is to me a disturbing tendency, namely, the shifting of emphasis from our former enthusiasm for international disarmament and just distribution of territories to the present absorption in the desire, violently if necessary, to overthrow Fascism and damn the consequences. In other words, our emotional attitude is hate-determined rather than love-determined. I am not trying to draw a moral about this, but anyone who is interested in the psychology of peace movements cannot fail to notice this shift, least of all deny it.

But I think Mr. Robertson makes the common mistake of confusing pacifism with a meek acceptance of whatever Fascism cares to provide for us. This is emphatically not the case. As I understand present-day pacifism, it is completely opposed to Fascism, but would combat it by non-violent means, believing that inevitably the means determine the ends, so that whatever we think we should be defending by shells and poison gas would in fact turn out to be something very different. Incidentally no one should sneer at the effectiveness of non-violent resisters until they have read Greggs' *The Power of Non-violence*.

Of course I am aware that " the present non-intervention is in reality a hypocritical intervention on behalf of Franco " and it does *not* please me to see Fascist countries helping the rebels. But what is the alternative to non-intervention? If the Government reverses its policy, how *shall* it intervene? I can see no ways which would not ultimately lead to all the horrors of scientific warfare, and surely both Mr. H. N. Brailsford in *Towards a New League* and Bertrand Russell in *Which Way to Peace* have exploded the idea of any League of Nations ever being able to prevent a war by the threat of superior force.

I still maintain that Left-wing policy at present has an essentially militaristic emphasis, from which must eventually precipitate the same jingoisms and false values as have always resulted from the belief in force as the ultimate arbiter. ERIC B. SMITH

177 Old Bath Road, Cheltenham.

LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Socialists all agree about the advantages of the Left Book Club. But your correspondents who have criticised it seem to me not to have understood its chief dangers.

A Left-wing author who is accepted by the Left Book Club is sure of a 40,000 sale, whether he gets any reviews or not, and he receives perhaps ten or more times as much payment for his book as he would get with another publisher. This means that every Left writer will want above everything to please the Selection Committee of the Left Book Club. I know of cases already in which authors have trimmed the conclusions of their books in the hope of pleasing Mr. Gollancz. In one case the conclusions did not at all follow from the facts put forward in the book, but their tone was apparently satisfactory. In any case the book was accepted.

This desire of writers to get accepted by the Selection Committee has the result of elevating Victor Gollancz, John Strachey and Prof. Laski to a position of virtual censorship over the books that will be read by the young Left public. I respect the opinions of all the three censors, but fear the effect of their decisions on authors and on the public. I have come across cases of young men and women who say they do not need to read anything outside the publications of the Left Book Club. These contain the truth and that is all there is to it. I have also come across many cases of people who subscribe to the Left Book Club, put the books on their shelves, but never read more than a page or two of them.

Finally it becomes more and more difficult for a " Left " writer whose opinions are not pleasing to Mr. Gollancz, Mr. Strachey and Mr. Laski, or to any one of the three, to get a book read or even published at all. If the idea gets about that all the good Left books are passed through the Left Book Club sieve, books that do not conform to this particular type of orthodoxy may seem to other publishers to stand little chance of selling.

AUTHOR

OSTEOPATHY

SIR,—Will you permit me, please, to make a belated correction of the reference to the Bill for the regulation of Osteopathy in the letter of Dr. Denis Browne published in your issue of April 17th? He stated that the enactment of our Bill would make it an offence for Sir Herbert Barker to continue his practice as a bone-setter This statement is widely off the mark. Surely Dr. Browne is aware that the Osteopaths Bill aimed only at setting up a Register to enable the public to discriminate between qualified osteopaths and persons calling themselves osteopaths who are not qualified, according to our standards, to practise osteopathy.

The Bill was not intended to apply to any other body of practitioners than the osteopaths. Its enactment would not disable bone-setters in their practice; it would simply have forbidden them to call themselves osteopaths if they did not possess the requisite qualifications.

I regret that Dr. Denis Browne should see fit, in his new-found

if somewhat cynical amity with Sir Herbert Barker, to misrepresent the osteopaths' position. But, indeed, there seems to be at the present time a campaign against us, sponsored by the medical profession. The book by Drs. Hill and Clegg, reviewed in your pages by Dr. Harry Roberts on April 10th, is part of this campaign—and it is amusing and instructive to see medical men who were only recently virulent critics of bone-setting, now claiming the bonesetters as their allies in the attack upon osteopathy; ignoring the fact that their principal ally publicly declared, in a letter to the *Times* on January 23rd, 1926, that the founder of osteopathy, Dr. Andrew T. Still, had defined the principles and standardised all forms of manipulative treatment. WILFRED A. STREETER,

The Osteopathic Defence League, Hon. Director
71 Park Street, London, W.1.

THE HUMAN NEEDS OF LABOUR

SIR,—As a student over a long period of the subject of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's book, *The Human Needs of Labour*, I write to challenge publicly a number of his conclusions.

Despite Mr. Rowntree's reservations and proper hesitancies, a very large number of employers and middle-class persons, who are too remote from the realities of the subject to be able to form a true opinion for themselves, may well be forgiven for slurring over these reservations and setting up in their minds an "ideal" standard of 53*s.* per week as a proper and decent income for a family of five persons.

It is no part of the purpose of this letter to emphasise those parts of his book which set forth the limitations of his conclusions, but to attack the conclusions from their foundation. In building up his statistics relating to the size of the family unit, the author proves clearly that the unit is not static, but dynamic in its changes of birth, growth and interdependence. Yet his budget makes no allowance whatever for the requirements of the mother during the periods in which she is about to bear, is bearing, or has recently borne, a child. No provision is made for fresh milk or for the necessities of nursing. Illness of the family is completely ignored, except in so far as provision is made for the statutory Health Insurance contribution and 1*s.* per week for "sick and burial clubs." Surely the inadequacy of this pitiful compromise must be apparent to Mr. Rowntree?

As to rent, Mr. Rowntree appears to base his estimates principally on some investigations which he made over twenty years ago, adjusted by some recent percentages of the Ministry of Labour; and yet he has clearly been at some pains to obtain figures of current rents, as set forth on page 93 of his book. The mean average of these current rents works out at 11*s.* 9*d.* per week, as compared with the 9*s.* 6*d.* which he allows. Again, most of us know that there are far too few municipal houses to go round, and the majority of workers are housed in privately owned tenements and houses, the rents of which are relatively much dearer than those of houses built by local authorities.

With regard to food, I will say that the proposed dietary is nothing less than an insult to our people. One egg, indeed, for a family of five for an entire week! And not even one solitary half pint of fresh milk. Butter, I suppose, would be a sinful luxury, and we can assume that mere workers need never experience the taste of meat, except for the carefully selected portions of shin, fatty breast, mince and offal which Mr. Rowntree so kindly sets aside for them. Further, even if the prices stated *were* true as the result of a microscopic investigation into the cheapest shops in the East End of London last year, they certainly do not apply to-day; there have been a good many increases in price during the last six months.

When we come to the clothing allowance, however, I am forced to the conclusion that even Mr. Rowntree must have found the problem a little beyond him. Whilst he very kindly states that the workers ought not really to rely upon gifts of charity from well-to-do families, he almost infers that it is a pity that it should be so. But why, Mr. Rowntree, why do you grant 5*s.* 3*d.* per week to the single woman and only 1*s.* 9*d.* per week to the married woman as her princely clothing allowance? Your readers will, I hope, study the details of this part of the budget themselves.

And then, as to the sundries. Many fundamenta necessaries are left out entirely. Shaving soap, toothpaste, all kinds of necessities of toilet and hygiene. Shoe and boot repairs, laundry and cleaning. Furniture repairs and renewals—or does furniture last for ever?

Lastly, the miserable "all else"—3*s.* 4*d.* per week for a family of five. Just think it out; fares for all the family, books, smokes, holidays, the essential saving for the inevitable emergency, and, the supreme luxury, beer.

I think that I have said enough, not too kindly perhaps, to satisfy any thinking man or woman that 53*s.* per week for a family of five is not merely a tolerable minimum towards the securing of which we should all piously aspire, but is inadequate for the needs of any family of self-respecting citizens. I submit to you, Sir, that the working out and securing for every man, woman and child in this country of a standard of life which can bring to them all a truly reasonable share of the great wealth of this rich and wonderful world should be the first and most serious duty of the Government which we elect, and that this is the only real criterion by which the success or failure of any system of society can be judged. J. A. BERGER

9 Highpoint, North Hill, London, N.6.

BIRCHING

SIR,—I see Sir John Simon has decided to include the question of adult flogging in the scope of the Departmental Inquiry which he promised to set up some weeks ago in regard to the flogging by the police of children between the ages of eight and fourteen. I fear the discussion will now be very long drawn out, and far more contentious than it would have been if the original intention had not been extended. This, of course, was only to discuss a form of flogging which the Home Office has already judged, condemned and tried to abolish, with the approval of all parties in the House of Commons, so recently as 1932.

In my opinion, pressure should be put on the Home Office in Parliament and out to try to induce it to obtain from the Committee an early interim report dealing at first only with the power of juvenile courts. The more logical birchers refer to a short sharp secondary punishment, but others recently have desired to retain the penalty only for hardened offenders. As the law stands to-day, if properly administered, the only birchable child in England is one who, after inquiries into his whole life, is found generally to be a good child; his offence can only have been a lapse. The Children and Young Persons Act, 1933, clearly indicates that the really delinquent or perverted child is entitled to scientific methods of reclamation. Probably many magistrates desire power to order some form of treatment for children who have broken probation but are not deemed bad enough for a reformatory (approved school). This could be supplied without great expense by reforming remand homes. These institutions should be made places where children can be sent for drastic but scientific supervision, if necessary, for several weeks. GORDON CLUNN

Hendon, N.W.4.

IS THY SERVANT A DOG?

SIR,—There is something wrong with the Spanish War Propaganda. We are shown pictures of stricken women and children, mangled corpses and wrecked homes. But the one thing is missing which would rouse the heart of the Great British Public to white-hot anger—there is a marked absence of animal propaganda. This is a very great mistake from their point of view. That Franco's bombers have spared the animals I am not prepared to believe, but this ignorance on the part of the Spanish Government concerning what would surely turn the scales of public opinion in their favour is lamentable.

I was present at a meeting in the Hampstead Town Hall where a film was shown on Madrid. Seated beside me was a pleasant, good-natured woman. She rather objected, but then who wouldn't, to my smoking. She looked at the film with great interest, but made no comment. She showed in no way that her heart had been touched when she saw the pictures of little children lying dead in their coffins. Then when a donkey appeared on the screen, picking its way through a shell-holed street, she exclaimed: "The poor little donkey!" and tears rolled down her cheeks. The donkey in question was being quite kindly treated, but the thought that he was being subjected to the same privations and dangers as the women and children of Madrid stirred her soul to its depths. "Why," I exclaimed to my neighbour on the other side, "Why doesn't this doggoned Spanish Government send us pictures of dogs and donkeys and cats stretched out in rows, the innocent victims of Fascism? We'd get marvellous collections and the whole weight of the British press behind us."

A friend of mine who works in a newspaper office was rung up a short time ago by the secretary of one of these benevolent societies for the welfare of animals. The secretary wanted the

newspaper's help to publicise an idea—namely the painless extermination of animals such as dogs and cats in Madrid. She put forward a scheme for sending out a body of men, under the auspices of the League of Nations, to carry out this plan. The Spaniards, of course, could not be relied on to deal gently with the poor creatures. My friend, who, like myself, comes from a people not given over to psychological bestiality, replied to the effect that the said animals might be required as food by a starving population. The secretary rang off in disgust.

I think that the good men and women who are striving to evacuate the women and children of Bilbao, should also evacuate the dogs and cats. In that way enough money would be raised for the unfortunate people as well, enough indeed to keep them in comfort until this horror is over.

I am by no means an animal hater. I am country-bred and have lived with animals all my life. I can conscientiously say that every animal in my care has been well-treated. I become extremely angry, even violent, when I see wanton cruelty to animals. But I am revolted by these Dr. Dolittle people who get hysterical about animals when human beings are living under conditions which are a disgrace to humanity. Ever since I've come to live in England, about four years ago, this has annoyed and puzzled me —I can see on all sides of me good publicity for ill-treated cats and dogs and none for neglected children. I can only conclude that the money given to animal welfare societies is conscience money. If 265 pit-ponies had been sent to their death in a colliery, a nominal fine would not have been regarded as adequate punishment for the mine-owners. No, the Great British Public would have had their blood. It would have been, as we say in Ireland, a pig with another snout. MARGARET O'FLAHERTY.

51 Belsize Lane, N.W.3.

OSBERT BURDETT

SIR,—I am endeavouring to edit a selection of the letters of my brother, Osbert Burdett. I will be grateful if owners of any letters likely to be of general interest will send them to me at the undermentioned address, where they will be copied and duly returned. (Rev.) FRANCIS BURDETT

C/o Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.,
39 Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.4.

DUST COLLECTING

SIR,—Your correspondent, Grace Hyde, would, I think, be even more "petrified with horror" if she were to take a walk down Marylebone High Street any morning of the week between 8.30 and 9.30. On either side of the road at the edge of the pavement is a string of "receptacles" of every conceivable description. These are by no means confined to the regulation "rubbish bin"—50 per cent. of them consist of old cardboard boxes, wooden boxes, paper parcels and bundles of all sorts. Not one in ten of the bins has a lid, or a covering of any kind whatever; the cardboard boxes, mainly lidless, are battered and broken and in every degree of dilapidation; the paper parcels and bundles torn and broken.

In consequence, the contents overflow and strew the pavements and, if there is the slightest wind, are blown over the street, over the unfortunate pedestrians, into the passing vehicles and over and into the adjacent shops. Many of these shops are open-fronted butchers' and fish shops, greengrocers' and so forth, without windows or protection of any kind, and with their contents lying out and completely exposed.

One does not need a very vivid imagination to realise the kind of deposit of minute and revolting filth that covers everything exposed in these shop windows on a windy day—to say nothing of the filth blown all over the street and all over the unfortunate passers-by. The conditions on a hot summer's morning with a slight wind blowing need no description.

I do not know whose business it is to see that householders carry out their obligations, which include, I should imagine, the provision of proper rubbish tins, *with lids*. If it is the business of the Borough Councils—and I imagine it is—and if they are unwilling or unable (as obviously they are the one or the other) to insist on the householders carrying out these regulations, it is a pity that some "superior authority" does not insist on the Borough Councils carrying out theirs.

In any case, the condition of this street—typical I feel sure, of many others—would be a scandal and a disgrace to any small town in any remote and semi-barbarous country. In a city like London, in the year 1937, it is a scandal and a disgrace to all concerned. P. S. LONG-INNES

Bisham Cottage, Marlow, Bucks.

Miscellany

TWO ARMIES

DEEP in the winter plain two armies
Dig their machinery to destroy each other.
Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leave
On either side, except the dead and wounded.
These have their leave while new battalions wait
On time at last to bring them violent peace.

All have become so nervous and so cold
That each man hates the cause and distant words
Which brought him here, more terribly than bullets.
Once a boy hummed a popular marching song
Once a novice hand flapped their salute;
The voice was choked, the lifted hand fell
Shot through the wrist by those of his own side.

From their numb harvest all would flee, except
For discipline drilled once in an iron school
Which holds them at the point of a revolver.
Yet when they sleep, the images of home
Ride wishing horses of escape
Which herd the plain in a mass unspoken poem.

Finally they cease to hate: for although hate
Bursts from the air and whips the earth like hail
Or pours it up in fountains to marvel at
And although hundreds fall, who can connect
The inexhaustible anger of the guns
With the dumb patience of these tormented animals?

Clean silence drops at night when a little walk
Divides the sleeping armies, each
Huddled in linen woven by remote hands.
When the machines are stilled, a common suffering
Whitens the air with breath and makes both one
As though these enemies slept in each other's arms.

Only the lucid friend to aerial raiders,
The brilliant pilot moon, stares down
Upon the plain she makes a shining bone
Cut by the shadows of many million bones.
Where amber clouds scatter on no man's land
She regards death and time throw up
The furious words and minerals which kill life.

STEPHEN SPENDER

ROYAL ACADEMY

CORONATION and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy arrive, very appropriately, almost hand in hand. For one is the artistic complement of the other. From the Coronation, we learn that Englishmen are still passionate Royalists: from the Exhibition, that to the influence of foreign aesthetic doctrines Britons never, never shall be slaves. How pleasant, then, to cross the threshold of Burlington House, between mid-day and two o'clock, at an hour when the first onrush of art-lovers has begun slightly to subside and the second horde has not yet had time to gulp down its luncheon. The atmosphere within is hushed and rather dreamy. Through the big quiet saloons, where broad shafts of filtered sunshine now pick out the embroidered robes of an official, now irradiate some placid middle-class face, now lend a golden glaze to *A Cornish Village*, *Snow Falls on Hosey* or *Mevagissey Quay*,

drift figures as familiar as they have long been dear to every faithful frequenter of Burlington House—the very old, very deaf lady (robed in violet and black) whose daughter reads the titles from the catalogue in a very loud voice: the comfortable-looking couple who pause in front of *Naomi, Ruth and Orpah* and *The Festival Dress, Old Castile* to decide that Mr. Russell Flint, R.A., is "a really wonderful colourist": and the clergyman and his son whose extended sinewy necks give them a curious resemblance to a pair of benevolent barnyard fowl.

The visitors are often more interesting than the pictures they gaze at, their comments are invariably worth listening to, and the genuine enthusiasm they display provokes all kinds of disconcerting reflections as to the essential relativity of aesthetic standards. While at the Italian, Flemish, French and Chinese Exhibitions one noticed that although dense crowds were inclined to collect before the most widely publicised exhibits these crowds were usually made up of persons who—as if to guard against the infection of some unknown beauty—stood with their backs to the work of art and their noses cautiously buried in their catalogues, at the present exhibition stolid businessmen and their wives are to be seen performing all the evolutions of practised connoisseurship—advancing towards a picture until their breath has almost clouded the glass, stepping back and remaining fixed in attitudes of devout contemplation till a fresh admirer shoves politely forward to obscure their view.

It is fair to add, however, that, whereas some of the worst pictures at Burlington House continue to attract a talkative and admiring throng, quite the finest gathers an equally large circle. I had mistakenly supposed that only the work of living or recently dead artists was exhibited at the Royal Academy; and I was surprised and delighted to catch sight of a canvas which, although obviously the product of an academic painter, had an elegance and sureness that I could distinguish nowhere else. Referring to my catalogue, I saw that what looked like a Tissot was in fact a Tissot—*The Ball on Shipboard* (41), "purchased by the President and Council . . . under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest." Its inclusion is both stimulating and disturbing: for, as one contemplates that charming symphony of white and navy blue, maroon and olive green, *eau de nil* and azure, and observes the wit, delicacy and worldly wisdom that has gone into Tissot's portrayal of petticoats, bonnet strings and feminine gestures, one begins to realise that one's real complaint against modern academic painters is not that they are *too* academic but that their academic ingenuity has not been carried to a sufficiently high level. Why all these faltering concessions to modernism? The average painter who exhibits at Burlington House, not content to tell a story—and stories, witness Tissot, may be brilliantly entertaining—intones a croaking psalm or endites an epic. Thus, the dullest pictures are those in which the artist, by filling his canvas with bulky muscular shapes, seeks to achieve an air of abstract grandeur or statuesque magnificence. The exhibition is full of pictures of this kind—conspicuously tiresome examples being numbers 587, 209, 449 and 562, in which massive purpose is combined with flimsy execution.

Odd how contemporary painters lack the grandiloquent touch. A hundred and fifty years ago, even indifferent artists could throw off Graces, Divinities, personified Virtues with as much aplomb as if they were representing a next-door neighbour. To-day, heroic inventions fall horribly flat; and, when the artist attempts to clothe important personages in an aura of dash or dignity intended to distinguish them from the common herd, the effect is so unfortunate as to be faintly satirical. Miss Flora Lion's *H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone* (411) shows the artist trying to soar on the wings of an eighteenth-century court painter but tumbling headlong into altogether modern bathos. To-day, nobility belongs to the picture-paper and royalty to the news-reel: there is no room for them in the realms of pictorial rhetoric.

Best stick to landscapes and agreeable portraits. As usual, Mr. Algernon Newton provides us with a number of elegaic scenes in the late-Venetian manner; and, were I lucky enough to possess a Palladian country house, I should certainly be inspired by *Carclew, Cornwall* (173) to commission Mr. Newton to execute its likeness. For Mr. Newton's pictures have an exquisite tinge of literary sentiment. Elsewhere, literary charm is as little in evidence as executive originality; and, wandering through the rooms, one gradually reverts to the state of mind in which one turns over the pages of a copy of an illustrated weekly paper, spotting a pretty face or enjoying a ridiculous pose. In the former category—as an exceptionally slick portrait of an uncommonly beautiful subject—I recommend Mr. Simon Elwes' *Mrs. William T. Wetmore* (361); among unintentional masterpieces of humour, a wonderful conversation piece, Mr. Frank O. Salisbury's "*My Turn Next*"; *The Lady Congleton and her Children* (532). No group photograph could be funnier or more informative. The art critic who visits Burlington House will find very little to entertain him: the philosopher and student of humanity, as he turns homeward across the courtyard, may agree that an hour passed in that august building has not been ill-spent.

PETER QUENNELL

FURTWÄNGLER AND THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC

THE need for constant international artistic intercourse has never been greater than it is these days of exaggerated and inflamed nationalism. What our English literature owes to its fertilisation through Italian and French sources is known to every serious reader, but these facts can soon be forgotten, and if a nation shuts itself up behind sealed frontiers it very soon loses all its standards and lulls itself into a false sense of superiority and may for a considerable time be content to go on living on a much lower level, quite unaware that it is doing so.

How quickly this can happen was demonstrated to me by the two concerts given at the Queen's Hall last Saturday and Sunday by Wilhelm Furtwängler and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Years ago when the Berlin Philharmonic (to which Furtwängler had been appointed conductor in 1922) first visited London after the war I and a few of my colleagues said plainly that we had not got an orchestra that touched it. In my opinion the Berlin Philharmonic surpassed all our orchestras in every respect; some critics would not go so far as that, but there was no mistaking that effect on the London musical public. It is not too much to say that their first hearing of this German orchestra was a revelation of what orchestral playing could be. Since then we have had many changes. The B.B.C. Symphony orchestra and the London Philharmonic Orchestra have both been established as permanent orchestras and many of the disabilities from which our orchestras suffered have been swept away. But what is the position now?

I am afraid that by the majority of our music lovers and musicians—and I am sorry to add even critics, our two orchestras (the B.B.C. and the London Philharmonic) are considered almost if not quite perfect. Mr. Ernest Newman has often extolled the London Philharmonic (whether on the principle that you will get more improvement by praise than by blame, I do not know!), and Toscanini's satisfaction with the B.B.C. orchestra sent the whole of the London press into jubilation two years ago. (That there are grounds for this praise nobody could wish to deny.) But what was the chief source of Toscanini's jubilation? Was it that the B.B.C. orchestra was a body of competent musicians keen and eager to do their best? Not only that! I think it was the capacity of the individual players, even more than that of the orchestra as a whole, which impressed him.

Now even I, the most notoriously anti-nationalist and disgruntled of the whole race of music critics in this country, have at times relaxed into a state of satisfaction with our orchestras and conductors. But these two concerts given by Furtwängler and his orchestra have jerked me out of my complacency.

I have to admit frankly that I had never before heard such a superb and satisfying performance of the Ninth symphony, but I include in this comparison many performances by foreign orchestras abroad so that it does not reflect unduly upon our own musicians. Nevertheless I am seriously of the opinion that the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra still surpasses any of our own orchestras artistically and that it is completely untrue to suggest that it is merely better drilled. The superiority of Furtwängler's performance was not entirely due to the superiority of the conductor, although here it must be mentioned that as a conductor Furtwängler has hardly a rival outside Toscanini, and personally I preferred Furtwängler's performance of the Beethoven "Ninth" to Toscanini's performance of the "Eroica" in London some years ago even after making a due allowance for the differences which the respective orchestras would make.

I had thought when I heard Furtwängler conduct Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony in London some time ago with his own orchestra that it revealed serious limitations in him. That performance of the "Pastoral" was finical and lacked directness and purity of conception. There was none of this in the performance of the "Ninth," but on the contrary absolute directness, fidelity to the text, together with a marvellous constant adjustment of balance, of dynamics, and a beautifully sensitive phrasing and dove-tailing of the different sections of the orchestra so that the volume of tone was always homogeneous. This unity and homogenity of orchestral tone is, of course, largely a quality of the orchestra and it is here that the Berliners seem, for one thing, to be superior to our own orchestras. They seem more individually sensitive and aware of what they have to do. With our orchestras conductors still have to waste a good deal of time in getting a number of fundamental things right before they can begin to tackle the higher demands. The Berlin orchestra seems to have lost some of its sheer beauty of string tone but it otherwise is still worthy of its great reputation.

As for Furtwängler, I don't think that his rendering of the "Ninth" on this occasion could be surpassed by anybody; it was not only marvellously faithful but extraordinarily intense and alive and absolutely nothing was put between us and the music. On the Sunday the same qualities were present in the performance of the *Coriolan* Overture, the Haydn symphony and the Bruckner symphony, but the Beethoven performance remained the top of their achievement on this visit.

If it had depended on the quality of the performances the Queen's Hall should have been sold out on both occasions, but political reasons still keep many music lovers away from Concerts given by the Berlin Philharmonic. But even allowing for this a part is played by fashion. It is entirely a publicity vogue and not a real appreciation of Toscanini's great qualities that has caused all his forthcoming concerts to be sold out, since, great admirer of Toscanini as I am, I am nevertheless convinced that he could not give a finer performance of the "Ninth" than this given by Furtwängler and I shall be very interested to hear whether he is capable of getting from our B.B.C. orchestra the same high standard of artistic excellence as Furtwängler gets from the Berlin Philharmonic. He will certainly need a lot of rehearsals to do it.

It struck me as strange that I did not see a single English musician in the audience at these two concerts except one or two connected with our excellent Philharmonic Choir, which sang the choral section. Perhaps all our conductors were present at Furtwängler's rehearsals? I doubt it. But I can only say that if I were a young conductor I should not miss a single chance of hearing Furtwängler conduct. One more point must be mentioned: the quartet of soloists took its proper place in the front rank of the choir. I call upon Sir Adrian Boult—since he is a man who respects music—when he next performs the "Ninth" symphony to abolish the ridiculous and amateurish English practice of putting the quartet of solo voices in front of the orchestra on the platform.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"History Made at Night" at the Leicester Square Theatre

This is a film which spares nothing and no one in its effort to provide palpitation for money. As a much sinned-against wife Miss Jean Arthur's appeal is everything piteous; while as her ship-owning husband Mr. Colin Clive gives a display of jealousy that is terrible despite its melodramatics. The movies can show little that is more skilful than the quick-flitting exposition which prepares us for Mr. Charles Boyer's entry. Mr. Boyer's incomparably luscious voice comes from the shadows before his tragic face appears. A very serious lover and a veritable duke of sex appeal, Mr. Boyer sets the key for the rest. But as if the grand passion were not enough, even the background is allowed to become hysterical before the story is worked round to a satisfactory conclusion. How satisfactory is perhaps the most vital question. The history made here is a clumsy affair in which likelihood is distorted to present a violently personal and intimate picture of a difficult love affair. This intensity is not unrelieved; the emotional stew is set off by some of the best comic acting since films began. Mr. Leo Carrillo, who has often played the Continental chef before, outdoes any previous cook. He is astonishingly and brilliantly funny. Though no advertisement for the morals of ship-owners this is decidedly one of the better films.

"The Road to Damascus." August Strindberg. Stage Society

Strindberg has been dead 25 years, and from the English stage he has disappeared almost without having been seen. *Nach Damaskus*, his masterpiece, had not even been translated into English till Mr. Graham Rawson produced this excellent version of the first part of that trilogy, which the Stage Society (who, by the by, introduced Strindberg to England in 1912), presented together with *The Creditors* at the Westminster Theatre on Sunday last. This was the second production of their season. Those who saw *The Road to Damascus* will admit that the English stage must be poorer for ignoring Strindberg. They used to manage these things better in Germany, where this play figured in the repertoire of every State theatre. Have our audiences no stomach for this powerful and sombre work, no minds to grapple with its imaginative treatment? Certainly an audience is expected, or rather, so vigorous is the writing and masterly the presentation, is compelled, to concentrate upon an immense spiritual struggle within the breast of the egoistic genius in the play—Strindberg's portrait of himself. "The Stranger" is one in whom is ingrained not merely a distrust of his fellow men, but the conviction that nature, men and gods have conspired together to turn all he touches into dust. He is confronted with images of himself which he scorns as pranks of fate until in the convent-asylum the climax is reached. From there he retraces his steps to find succour in the very objects of his derision and to rediscover the woman who had sought his salvation; the ultimate day is also the dawn of hope. Surely this is a theme worth concentrating upon.

By departing from realistic settings, by the use of pictures projected on to the back-cloth, by an economy of statement and lighting which heightened the mood of the scenes, by careful choice of contrasted colours and by effective groupings, Mr. Carl H. Jaffé showed himself to be a really imaginative producer. True, his production called for a technique which all the players were not able to exhibit. The Viennese actress, Miss Wanda Rotha, however, with her greater familiarity with Strindberg's work, was equal to those demands; and she played "The Lady" with the controlled passion and puckishness which the dramatist intended. But though some of the smaller parts were admirably played by Mr. Neil Porter, Mr. Tristan Rawson and Miss Francis Waring respectively, "The Stranger" proved too difficult a problem for Mr. Francis James. We are now impatient to see the other two parts of Strindberg's astounding trilogy.

"The Grand Duchess," at Daly's

Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, produced seventy years ago, is the first of a long line of *opéra-bouffes* and musical comedies; Gerolstein is *Ur-Ruritania*, and in no subsequent tale of handsome guardsmen, comic politicians, and amorous sovereigns has the music sparkled so winningly. To revive the naughty old classic in our be-crooned and be-hotcha-ed 1937

was a capital idea; but the management have gone about it in the wrong way. First, this real music needs real singing, and one real singer (Miss Enid Cruickshank) is not enough to go round. Then there is the awful problem of the libretto; forced to abandon the French test, you discover that the very music which a moment before was heady and effervescent has become flat and muddy. The only way to minimise an inevitable loss is first to employ the neatest librettist you can find, and then to cast, dress and produce the whole as a stylistic unity. This was the method successfully adopted with *La Vie Parisienne* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. At Daly's we had a quite undistinguished libretto, desperately attempting to be modern by dint of allusions to Freud and "slap-and-tickle"; a *mise-en-scène* vaguely Messel, only a long way farther down the Brompton Road; and a company who, with the exception of Miss Cruickshank and Mr. Goolden, derive their notions of *opéra-bouffe* style entirely from English pantomime and musical comedy. One pitied the funny men, working their way through comic business of extreme antiquity in the manner known as "unflagging," which means that all the flagging is done on our side of the footlights. No doubt the humours of General Boum and Baron Puck are stone dead even in the original. Miss Cruickshank bestrode the narrow stage like a contralto, making a gallant shot at a part which really calls for a soprano; Mr. Carfax, as her choice, was adequately blond and handsome and foolish. Perhaps, indeed, a shade too foolish.

"In Theatre Street," at the Mercury

Most of the translations of Lenormand produced in England up till now have been rather simple, slow-moving dramatisations of alleged psychological profundities. *In Theatre Street* is quite different. It is a mild complaint on behalf of the artists of the theatre against the money-bag holders of stage and screen. Its satire is cool but effective. The play begins with a moneyed leading lady who is a false artist doing her best to murder the uncommercial play of a poet. A real actress, loved by the poet, saves the play, but the theatre manager and a film company conspire to spoil the play and have the theatre pulled down. Francis James as the poet was convincing in his indignations, but unsympathetic in his idealism. But then poets are difficult creatures to put on to the stage. When Marchbanks is played to stupid audiences they always take him for a figure of fun. Vivienne Bennett, who is an excellent actress, played the part of the actress in love with the theatre with a passion which at times overloaded the play. Wilfred Walter was good as a professional self-critical leading man. And the purely comic parts were keenly done. The play went at a good pace and left one wishing it were longer.

Water Colours by Paul Nash at the Redfern Gallery

The earliest drawings in this exhibition are dated 1911, the latest are, in Mr. Nash's words, "The beginning of a new experiment," "The drawings indicate the development of a preoccupation and a prejudice." Mr. Nash's predilections are by now known to all. His gothic shapes, sharp attitudes, his dry aesthetic colour, the strange calcareous uplands that he inhabits flash upon the inward eye whenever his name is mentioned. But it is not so often that one is able to survey Mr. Nash's development at a glance. What started in a soft English romanticism with a tendency towards decoration becomes sterner, starker, and more formal. "Gradually, however," says Mr. Nash, "the landscape ceased to be absorbing. . . . But at this point I began to discover the significance of the so-called inanimate object." Henceforth, armed with a species of animism, Mr. Nash found Nature endowed with new life. His new works are poems in the juxtaposition of stones and shells and furrows. Whether in fact this new vitality has great significance is a little doubtful—Mr. Nash's technique is tasteful and restrained as ever, but not imbued with any fresh intensity. Indeed—if we may take a motto from a misprint in the catalogue—this exhibition indicates the course by which the "inhibited landscape" came into being.

French Tapestries and Paintings by Vanessa Bell at the Lefevre Galleries

Tapestries designed by Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Rouault, Leger, Dufy and Lurçat—an admirable idea—and the craftsmanship is prodigious. Every brush-stroke is conscientiously translated into stitchery—indeed, especially in the Rouaults, one has almost to finger the material to be certain it is not pigment. But what advantage have these tapestries over the paintings from which they have been taken? Like the celebrated mosaics above the altars in St. Peter's, these tapestries flagrantly disregard the medium in which they are executed. They are copies instead of being translations. Most of them are beautiful, because they reproduce beautiful pictures, but they are no contribution to the textile art. Mrs. Bell's paintings are distinguished by extreme subtlety and refinement. They do not bowl you over, but the longer you peer into them the more certainly they insinuate themselves into your affection. Indeed, an unassuming manner here conceals an extraordinary technical assurance. Beside these paintings almost anything at Burlington House would look amateurish and botched. A lovely colour-sense makes these pictures iridescent; the direction and weight of every brush-stroke are significant; the texture is rich and very varied. The subject, Italian landscapes, the Downs, and flowers, will no doubt make an immediate appeal to old-fashioned persons, who like to be reminded of pleasant things, but this is above all an exhibition for those who like painting for painting's sake. We lingered longest before the works numbered 1, 8, 12, 18, 27 and 30, but everything in the show is thoughtful and poetic. Like almost all good painters, Mrs. Bell goes on getting better and better. These are eminently pictures for living with.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 7th—
Meeting of F.S.U., Westminster Branch: R. Bishop on "Russia To-day" and two new Films. Denison House, 8.
"Save the Children of Bilbao." Meeting organised by National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, Queen's Hall, 8. Admission 1s.

SATURDAY, May 8th—
"The Government Inspector," Working Men's College Dramatic Society, Maurice Hall, Crowndale Road, N.W.1. And on May 10th.

SUNDAY, May 9th—
Prof. F. Aveling on "Experiments on Will and Choice," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, May 10th—
V. K. Krishna Menon on "The Constitution and After," Large Memorial Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, May 13th—
First Cycle of Der Ring des Niebelungen, "Das Rheingold," Covent Garden, 8.30.

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HUMBER

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the most delightful volumes that have appeared for a very long time is *Constantin Guys : the Painter of Victorian Life* (Studio). It was published in 1930. I happened by chance to see it in a "remainder" window the other day at 8*s.* 6*d.* and, having missed the Constantin Guys exhibition of a year or two ago, I went in and bought a copy. The volume contains about a hundred and fifty drawings together with Baudelaire's masterly essay, *Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne*, translated by P. G. Konody. It was stretching the title a little, perhaps, to designate Guys the *Victorian* painter (two-thirds of his subjects have nothing to do with England), but one sympathised with the publisher's desire to attract a public. During his lifetime Guys remained stubbornly anonymous—a fate which seems likely, in England at least, to persist. Do you remember the charming back-curtain of *Le Beau Danube* when it was produced at Covent Garden? A lady and a gentleman sat in a phaeton drawn by a pair of horses across an autumn landscape; every stroke in the picture was at once dashing and exquisite. A glance at the programme would have shown, I think, that it was "after a drawing by Constantin Guys." How often, in his paintings and drawings, one's eye is caught by the horses! Trotting, dawdling, at attention, drawing some vehicle, they are a spirited symbol of the world they serve. Here, a nag stands blinkered at a street corner, while the coachman, waiting a fare, fishes with his whip; there an officer on a charger surveys a battlefield, and one notices the tail hung out behind like an ostrich plume. The attitude in which Guys delights specially is as upright as possible; the head reined back so that the animal's neck, chest and forelegs make a single vertical line; the body short like a giraffe's; the legs slender and tall. Yet though stylised—and a few strokes sometimes are enough to indicate the attitude—it is a living horse and not a mere symbol, a horse with aristocratic ease and gesture. How different from the plump curly animals, fresh from the country, of Rowlandson's Oxford Street! Guys is the painter of gesture, of fashion, to which with astonishingly simple means he gives an almost majestic shape. Horses, carriages, the fantastic structures of women's dress are grouped airily like monuments round a handshake or a glance. "The Encounter" represents two ladies standing together on a pavement; their cloaks fall outwards from the shoulder like the broad cone of light under a lamp, almost filling the foreground; while in a corner two gentlemen approach intently. The dandy who walks through these pictures is not so much himself conspicuous, as the stoical spectator for whom magnificence exists. Baudelaire's description of the Dandy—to whom he attached an almost mystical significance—is worth quoting.

> Whether these men choose to be called exquisites, incroyables, beaux, dandies, they all spring from the same origin; they all partake of the same character of opposition and revolt; they are all representatives of what is best in human pride, of the desire (which is but too rare to-day) to fight against and destroy vulgarity. Hence is born, with the dandies, that haughty attitude of caste, which is a challenge in its very coldness. Dandyism appears especially in the transitory periods when democracy is not yet all-powerful, and when aristocracy is only partially unsettled and depreciated. In the confusion of such periods, some few men who are out of their sphere, disgusted and unoccupied, but rich in natural force, may conceive the project of founding a new kind of aristocracy, the more difficult to break, as it would be based on the most precious, the most indestructible and celestial gifts, which work and money could not confer upon it. Dandyism is the last splendour of heroism in decadence. . . .

Did such dandies ever exist? Baudelaire suggests that they were to be found in England, which "will long continue to find a place for the heirs of Sheridan, of Brummell and Byron." Curious that Brummell and Byron should be placed among these superior beings, for they were both types of a vulgarity which would have horrified Baudelaire if he had met it face to face. He had never, by the way, been in England himself. His Dandy is, rather, the projection into social life of Baudelaire's own passion for beauty and aloofness. The gentlemen sketched by Guys, with hat tipped forward as they jog on horseback or directing a killing look at a crinoline, are much nearer earth. Often the gesture is magnificent; the face attached to it may be empty.

* * *

Count D'Orsay belonged to the superior class of dandy. In addition to a superb appearance, which made people turn round excitedly when he rode through Kensington, he was artist, diplomat, sportsman and lover. Miss Margaret Lambert in her "coronation scrapbook" *When Victoria Began to Reign* (Faber, 12*s.* 6*d.*), suggests that the difference between Beau Brummell and D'Orsay was typical of the change which had taken place in English society between 1790 and 1837. It was no longer considered excruciatingly funny for a King to tip an old prelate into a fountain; and Society had not yet been made safe for the middle classes. The great houses—Lansdowne, Holland, etc.—entertained largely and were centres of culture. D'Orsay led the more exclusively "fashionable" world; the contemporary accounts of him are nearly all adulatory—and flat. Is there a convincing portrait of a dandy in the whole of literature? I doubt it; the setting, the gestures, the mastery of occasion can hardly be caught except through a visual art. The writer, to make a dandy interesting, is bound to turn him into a wit: a rather different thing, though the two may be found together. At any rate none of the writers quoted by Miss Lambert manage to convey the qualities they are describing, though we may agree that Society in 1837 contained some exceptionally resplendent and charming figures. One or two distant glimpses are more convincing: Prince Esterhazy, for example, entering the Abbey for the Coronation and wearing a Hungarian costume so covered with diamonds and other jewels that "he looked as though he had been caught in a rain of them and had come in dripping." Lord Melbourne, too, during the ceremony, "holding the great sword of State like a butcher" is a more vivid figure than the Queen. Perhaps the best portrait in the book is this, given by an American journalist, of Disraeli—the very opposite of true dandyism:

> Disraeli had arrived before me at Lady Blessington's, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of the sun reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick, with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather conspicuous. Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim of consumption.

* * *

This "scrapbook" glances not only at Society and London during the Coronation, but also at politics, the Church (Sydney Smith had attacked the Archbishop of Canterbury for being enthroned by proxy), newspapers, amusements, travel (the first steam trains were running), the common life in town and country, and topical events of the year. The most important event in 1837, after the Coronation, seems to have been a peculiarly uninteresting murder; but that is the case perhaps in most years. It is curious, by the way, that nearly all the references to children concern their unhappiness; the little chimney-sweep and the child employed in scaring birds with a clapper make pathetic appearances as they do in Victorian scrapbooks. There is an account, too, of the appalling conditions in a Yorkshire school (the original of Dickens's Dotheboys Hall), where some of the pupils went blind through neglect. Since most of the book is a record of enjoyments, Miss Lambert might have provided a balancing picture of children having a good time. Her book does not pretend to give a portrait of England in 1837, but only a somewhat haphazard anthology from contemporary writings strung together. On the whole, it is good reading and certainly one of the livelier productions on the fringe of the present Coronation.

G. W. STONIER

BEN JONSON

Ben Jonson : VOLUME V. VOLPONE, OR THE FOX. EPICOENE. OR THE SILENT WOMAN. THE ALCHEMIST. CATILINE. Edited by C. H. HERFORD and PERCY SIMPSON. *Oxford University Press.* 21*s.*

Drama and Society in the Age of Ben Jonson. By L. C. KNIGHTS. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There has been, in regard to Ben Jonson, just the slightest campaign of intimidation ; taste seemed to have formed round him a pretty close borough. Intellect (in its most knotty, male and forbidding sense) has been stressed in the plays, by the critics in exaltation, at the expense of nearer, sensuous qualities. His lovers like so well to find him recondite that his plays have been set apart, for the common reader, as special, abstruse and cold, the cognoscenti's pleasure. The plays have not, by reputation, that enlarging, heroic extravagance to which, in Tourneur, Ford, Webster, the common fancy turns, these days, for release—they have been made to sound like the first note of fancy's knell. As compensation-literature they promise little. Other Elizabethans' god-like infantilism makes them rank high for comfort ; their violent world corresponds to that of most private fantasy, which the emotions, with their *espagnolisme*, govern, in which the fanatic is supreme. To the child's-eye view, brought more and more to poetry, Jonson shows disconcertingly adult, at once recondite and *terre à terre*. His morality (an austere note) is constantly emphasised.

Morality is a strong form of perception : as such, at its strongest, it blunts or bends on the muddle nowadays. It has come, in practical life, to stand for little more than an ineffective comment. Art, however, still needs to use it ; it may be implicit but it has to be strong. By the plumb-straightness of lines and trueness of angles any work of the mind is, ultimately, judged : fancy may diverge from the upright, but there must be an upright. There must be, in literature, the mind's disengaged comment on engaged emotion—this *is* the work's morality. In this sense, morality is more than inherent in, it is the very nature of, the Ben Jonson plays' superb competence. What has been, possibly, overlooked in the plays is, how much the moral-intellect has been given to feed on—or, in other terms, through what depths it drops a plumbline.

The sensuous element is immense. This is Renaissance theatre : in those days one had a world at the fingertips, and the fingertips had not thickened. Immediacy of sensation comes through the language—concrete, and with an exact touch. The boom was at its height ; wealth came in at every port. Magnetic new precious objects were on the market ; each brought a world with it ; luxury meant sublimation, not just dull expenditure. Learning, with its range of subtle experience, Latin elegance, outlandish mystery all struck the English shore. The world was not yet mapped ; experience had no limits ; a new mistress was an America. Intellect quickened love. The table soared into art, above the levels of subsistence or gluttony.

> . . . we will eate our mullets,
> Sous'd in high-countrey wines, sup phesants egges,
> And haue our cockles, boild in siluer shells,
> Our shrimps to swim againe, as when they liu'd
> In a rare butter, made of dolphins milke,
> Whose creame do's look like opalls.

Mammon's " I will haue all my beds, blowne vp ; not stuft : Downe is too hard—etc.," Volpone's speech to Celia over the jewels, and a dozen more passages all show a lyrical freshness in greed itself, that first innocent flush of pleasure in the palace hotel —however much the context lowered the dream. Desire of objects, representations of pleasure offered their full bloom to Jonson's scalpel. He cut just deep enough to show the melancholy, the corruption beneath.

The force and speed of intellect going through these four plays —three major comedies and the tragedy *Catiline*—generates their first quality : dramatic excitement. The tension of the language, its oppositions, the play of concrete images make every page theatre. *Volpone* is, apart from everything else, social comedy at its cruellest height, and *The Alchemist*, with its crookish hilarity, its double crossings, its show-downs, is ready made, the first-rate scenario. *Catiline*, for all its menacing *longueurs*, comes back and back to the close-up : it never fatally soars off into a wordy void. Each play, spherical, revolves fast and steadily on the axis of its idea. Plot spins the passion.

These four plays have one subject : the obsessed person, the person of one idea. From the vantage point that obsession gives, he perceives in others the greeds, delusions and vanities that are exploitable, that are to serve his ends. The megalomaniac is curiously empowered. One dominating and single view or purpose gives each of these plays unity. They are areas mapped in the specialist's own terms. Morose, in *The Silent Woman*, is an exception : his desire is negative, so he is a negative figure, outwitted before he enters—the comedy, embroidering his defeat, is accordingly more complex, less centralised than the others. But Volpone, Subtle, Catiline, are positive and effective ; they work with tools they despise—tools, sub-passions, whose very shoddiness makes them splinter and cut the user's hand. The divagations of greed—avarice, lust, snobbishness—are pressed flat, like horrid ferns, between every page of the plays. Was Jonson really anti-acquisitive, or was he magnetised to the instinct by what it offered his art ?

Here are fine, fertile, extraverted crooks, not wasting a moment, not eating themselves like Bosola. They have no metaphysical worries ; even ghosts are imperious : " Do'st thou not know me, Rome ? " Hilarious complicity, the confederate spirit, never got better play. There is the grand alliance of Dol and Face :

> DOL : Yes, say lord *Generall*, how fares our campe ?
> FACE : As, with the few, that had entrench'd themselues
> Safe, by their discipline against a world, Dol :
> And laugh'd, within those trenches, and grew fat
> With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
> Daily, by their small parties. This dear houre,
> A doughtie *Don* is taken, with my Dol ;
> And thou maist make his ransome, what thou wilt,
> My *Dousabell :* He shall be brought here, fetter'd
> With thy faire lookes, before he sees thee ; and throwne
> In a downe-bed, as darke as any dungeon ;
> Where thou shalt keepe him waking, with thy drum ;
> Thy drum, my Dol; thy drum.

There are stampedes, but no demoralisation ; the master crook deserves well, like a good whip.

Mr. Knights' study, which should be read, relates the age that made food for these plays to our own age in terms of social and economic ideas. He discusses the sixteenth century boom, with the unrest and flood of greed it let in, the break up of the simpler order, the thrust up of the *rentier* class, upheaving the values that kept it down, the complexity, vitality and uneasiness the up-thrust gave society, the distress below, the abuse of nobility. He dates back the connection between hard money and subtle sense, and shows how gold from America fostered the humanities. He shows the seedling, then, of the modern evil, now grown to its height. His work fills in the plays' background, gives further point to illusions, lights up the texture.

For the Herford and Simpson editorship of this Volume V of Ben Jonson, the accessibility and pertinence of the notes, the excellence of the type, we have once more to be grateful.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION

That Dreadful School. By A. S. NEILL. *Jenkins.* 5*s.*

Handbook of Suggestions for Teachers. *Board of Education.* 2*s.*

Is it liberty or licence ? The difference is important, for we all do we not, love the one and hate the other. Yet wherein does it lie ? It is not easy to be sure and, lacking certainty, we can never rid ourselves of the uneasy suspicion that licence is merely the name that we give to the liberties of which we disapprove, liberty to the licences of which we approve. A friend of mine was entertaining an educationally advanced mother whose son attended an educationally advanced school. Frequently, and with emphasis, the mother affirmed that she never checked or thwarted the son. " The vilest abortionist," she quoted, " is he who attempts to mould a child's character. The only safe rule," she added, " is to let the child develop along his own lines." My friend took the son for a walk by the sea. Presently, he took off his new shoes and threw them in. My friend neither remonstrated with the boy nor rescued the shoes ; the mother, however, was very cross. Nor was she appeased by my friend's assurance that she was only doing her best to carry out what she understood to be the mother's precepts.

Now Mr. Neill, of course, does not countenance this sort of thing. One of the many good stories in his book is that of a woman who brought her girl of seven to see me. " Mr. Neill," she said, " I have read every line you have written, and even before Daphne was born I had decided to bring her up exactly on your lines." I glanced at Daphne, who was standing on my grand piano with her heavy

shoes on. She made a leap for the sofa and nearly went through the springs. "You see how natural she is," said the mother. "The Neillian child." I fear that I blushed.

"It is," Mr. Neill comments, "the distinction between freedom and licence that many parents cannot grasp." No doubt, but what is it? After reading the clear statement of aims, objects and principles set out in Mr. Neill's admirable and exceedingly entertaining book I still, I am afraid, do not know.

The object of Mr. Neill's school, which has now been running for sixteen years, was to "allow children freedom to be themselves." The method adopted to this end was the renunciation of "all discipline, all direction, all suggestion, all moral training, all religious instruction," this drastic reversal of traditional methods being founded on a belief in "the child as a good not an evil being." Mr. Neill enlarges his account of freedom by telling us that it is "only under freedom" that "the child can grow in his natural way."

Children who come to him from other schools pass through three stages. First, they are insincerely polite; they open doors and call him "sir": secondly, they are insincerely naughty; they break things, smoke and swear: thirdly, they become "natural, healthy kids who say what they think without cheek or hate." Finally, we are told that freedom is a system under which everyone has equal rights. Summerhill children are not allowed to walk on Mr. Neill's grand piano because he has a right to preserve his piano; but, equally, Mr. Neill has no right to borrow a boy's bicycle without his permission.

Such, broadly, are Mr. Neill's principles. What is to be urged on the other side? That children are not by nature virtuous; that, on the contrary, they have, just as grown men and women have, their inevitable dose of original sin; and that, consequently, to "allow children to be themselves" is to allow them to pull the wings off flies and to inflict pain upon one another for the sheer satisfaction of inflicting pain, is, in a word, to allow them to manifest and develop all those sides of human nature whose suppression, forcible if need be, is one of the conditions of the functioning of civilised society. Secondly, whatever we may think of their moral characters, children are intellectually lazy and averse from effort. When, therefore, it is impossible to make a task either interesting or amusing, it is only by means of discipline that they can be induced to perform it; by discipline and, if need be, by the compulsion of which discipline is a disguised form. Now not even a man of Mr. Neill's genius can make the multiplication table interesting or amusing. In point of fact, Mr. Neill does not try; he does not teach at all in the ordinary sense. If, therefore, one disapproves of compulsion and dislikes competition, the multiplication table will not be learnt; nor, indeed, will anything else that requires discipline and effort. Hence the complaint recently voiced in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that children from advanced schools grow up without the power to concentrate or the ability to commit to memory. It is not merely that they are inadequately equipped for the wicked commercial world; they have minds inadequately trained for any sort of world.

In the new edition of the *Handbook of Suggestions for Teachers*, which has just been issued, the Board of Education make much of the changes that have occurred in the ten years that have elapsed since the last issue; of the increasing importance attached to individual differences between children; of the need for education to adapt itself to modern requirements; of the greater leisure of the modern world, and of the obligation which is laid upon the educator to equip a child for this leisure. It is all very sane, very moderate, and reasonably enlightened. But Mr. Neill would be quick to point out that the emphasis is still upon instruction. How, the Board of Education asks, can we best instil knowledge? How can the child be best induced to learn for himself? Above all, what should he learn? Mr. Neill is, apparently, little interested in these things. Following in the best tradition of the British Public Schools he tells us that "learning doesn't matter; only character matters." But he goes on—I hope a little shamefacedly—to add "all the same there is a lot of learning in Summerhill."

Finally, it may be said, children, like adults, find freedom for the most part an intolerable burden. At Mr. Neill's school there is neither compulsory work nor compulsory games. What, then, do the children do? In spite of an illuminating chapter entitled "A Day in Summerhill" I still don't know.

"Do you have to work?" a girl from an advanced school was recently asked.

"No, we don't have to go to lessons."

"Do you play games then?"

"No, we needn't play games, unless we want to and practically nobody does."

"What *do* you do then?"

"We just lie about in the woods and develop."

Boring, I call it!

Is it not, it may be asked, a little hard on the child not only to saddle it with the responsibility of deciding every moral question with its own unaided resources, but to throw it upon these same resources for the filling of every unoccupied hour? Adults cannot do these things: why, then, should children?

The issues raised by Mr. Neill's book are not in the last resort educational. They are moral and psychological. Mr. Neill has an apparently convincing reply to the considerations I have mentioned. "Look," he may say in effect, "at the products of conventional education. Look at the civilisation they have made. Look, in fact at yourself. Are you so pleased with the picture?" But suppose that the picture is one of human nature, and that we are as we are not wholly because, but partly in spite of, our education. Thus the question of the difference between liberty and licence resolves itself into one more ultimate, what do we take human nature to be? Is it fundamentally virtuous, so that you have only to let it be itself and all will be well; or is it, as Christianity has on the whole insisted, fundamentally wicked, so that the young, "children of wrath and imps of Satan," must be disciplined and chastised; or is it neither the one nor the other, but various as the sands of the seashore, so that children no more permit themselves to be discussed as a class—"children are this, that or the other"—than Frenchmen or Englishmen or Germans or Jews or Aryans? Mr. Neill, I have not the slightest doubt, is a genius. He is doing experimental work of the greatest social value, and he ought to be provided with an endowment by the Board of Education, which he would probably accept, and a peerage or at least a knighthood, which he would probably refuse. Also, he has written an enormously exciting book. Almost he convinces the reader; almost, but not quite. For it is not possible entirely to rid oneself of the impression that the measure of the author's genius, which is great, is the measure of the unwisdom of anyone without his genius trying to follow his methods. Mr. Neill clearly has a way with him, but most of us, alas, have not. As my despised public schoolmaster was wont to admonish me, when I cited the authority of Virgil for a harsh metrical construction in my Latin verses, "When you can write as well as Virgil, you may take the liberties that Virgil does." C. E. M. JOAD

DU CÔTÉ DE CHEZ TROTSKY

World Revolution, 1917-1936. By C. L. R. JAMES. *Secker and Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

This is a book which is unique of its kind, very badly needed and likely to excite more anger than anything yet published this year. It is a history of the last twenty years, written from a Trotskyist angle. What little literature on this period exists has been written chiefly by propagandists for the Second or Third International and has been distorted by very obvious prejudices. This is the first book to be written by a propagandist who despises both sides, and has the clearsightedness that comes from universal hatred.

It is true that this makes his history peculiar. He puts Citrine, Morrison, Bevin, Noske, Lansbury, Blum, Stalin, Pollitt and every other living leader except Trotsky in the same category of crawling things—indeed, "Pollitt, of course, is to the Right of Citrine to-day"—and after some exceedingly purple passages you are astonished to hear him rebuke Stalin for "coarse personalities." But to be put off by his verbal violence and verbosity would be a mistake. The story he tells has never been told elsewhere, and, so far as I have been able to test it, he makes no serious error of fact in any place.

Part of it is fairly well known, for example, the pre-war history of the Bolshevik party (though it was new to me to read Trotsky's accurate forecast in 1903 of Stalin's position to-day) and the frantic energy of the Austrian and German Social Democrats in preventing a Socialist revolution in 1919. All that Mr. James writes here would have been written by any Communist till 1927, has been written by many of them, and from old habit is still being written by some. It is the later years that are disagreeable and unexpected. From 1923 Stalin began to have a greater and greater influence on Communist policy, increasing until to-day all possible rivals, bar one, are dead. From that period, too, the record becomes one of appalling failures, of opportunities of a

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colossal grandeur which were irrevocably lost. In 1923 there was a possibility of a German Red revolution. If Mr. James is to be believed, the Communist International destroyed it. In 1927 the International held the Chinese Communist forces tightly in alliance with Chiang Kai-shek even after the capture of Shanghai, and practically handed the most valuable forces of the revolution over to him to be wiped out. As late as October, 1931 (and later still) it was pursuing a maniacal policy in Germany labelled "After Hitler, Our Turn," by which a Nazi revolution was to be admitted, if not acquiesced in, in the belief that this would lead to a later Communist victory.

In this country, what the Communist Party says may seem to be unimportant. But abroad what the local Communist Party has said has in the past meant the difference between life and death for thousands of workers. Mr. James seems to regard his record as proving criminal wickedness; it seems rather to suggest stupidity and hysteria. Certainly, the violent change that was made in 1935 by Stalin was not so much wicked as made with insensate disregard for the beliefs of all the dependent parties. "M. Stalin," he stated in the famous manifesto signed by him and Laval, "understands and fully approves the measures of national defence taken by France to raise its armaments." The French Communist Party campaign against the military General Staff, against the conscription of negroes in the Colonies, and so forth, had to be called off in a day. From this followed the sudden and much-distrusted campaign for unity with everyone who was not actually in a Fascist uniform.

Dealing with this campaign, Mr. James has an easy victim. The United Front of to-day was the chief abomination of both Marx and Lenin, though certain of the present C.P. propagandists have so well concealed this that his quotations come as a surprise. Whether it is for that reason wrong is another matter; Mr. James does not attempt to discuss that. But what he does at least prove is that the present dictatorship of Stalin has ugly features which separate it a long way from Lenin's predominance. Two quotations, one significant and one surprising, are worth making:

> Those who, like H. G. Wells, are begging the Soviet authorities to introduce free speech seem to think that free speech is introduced or withdrawn at the caprice of rulers. There was a moment in 1923 when the Party stood at the crossroads. It took the wrong turning, and the session of 1934 was the culmination of an inevitable progress. Stalin does not introduce free speech because he dare not. The cult of the leader in Italy, Germany and Russia is to-day due to the same cause, the unbearable social and political tension in the country.

The "session of 1934" was one at which unparalleled flattery of Stalin occurred. Here is an example, officially selected for favourable notice, a speech by one Avdeyenko:

> When I met Stalin, even at a distance, I throbbed with his forcefulness, his magnetism, and his greatness. I wanted to sing, to shriek, to howl from happiness and exaltation. . . . Our love, our devotion, our strength, our heart, our heroism, our life—all these are thine, great Stalin! Here, take them, all this is thine, chief of the great fatherland. . . . Men of all time and of all nations shall call thy name all that is beautiful, strong, wise and pretty. When my beloved bears me a child, the first word I shall teach him will be—STALIN! (Frenzied applause).

RAYMOND POSTGATE

THUNDER OUT OF ZION

The Destiny of Man. By NICOLAS BERDYAEV. *Bles.* 16*s.*
The Art of Life. By COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING. *Selwyn and Blount.* 15*s.*

The writings of Count Keyserling remind me of Coleridge's description of his own conversation, of how, by a sort of veil which steadily grew more opaque, he would submerge and obscure the ideas which he wished to express, till "the only object arrived at is that the mind's eye of the bystander is dazzled with colours succeeding so rapidly as to leave one vague impression that there has been a great blaze of colour *all about something*." As one reads Count Keyserling's pontifical utterances one is first sceptical, then bemused, then at last dazed into just such a vague acceptance. A desperate sort of faith creeps over one that all this brouhaha, this coruscation of polysyllables—integration, substantial psychic reality, polarisation, the principle of Gana—must indeed, in some way passing one's battered understanding, be *all about something*. Count Keyserling will take an interesting *aperçu*—for in this book he does throw up some interesting intuitions—and wrap it in a sort of Abracadabra which to the multitude of the half-baked must sound like an Ipse Dixit from Zion, but which, if one refuses to be bludgeoned by its polysyllabic thunder and asks what it really is all about, too often reveals itself as a sad piece of flatulent verbiage. Perhaps in the chapter on "The Mystery of Polarisation" this verbal bull-dosing is best exemplified. What can one make of the account of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, the penetralium of the mystery, which "has, as its exclusive aim, the polarisation of personalities; the unique object of all the rules recognised there is the acquisition of the utmost intensity for personal influence. Written records are there only to fix ideas and intentions; personal intercourse between spirits desirous of spiritual progress and therefore submitting to those rules which best facilitate polarisation, is the only thing that matters from the point of view of 'works'"? It sounds too depressingly like one of the flotations of Dr. Strong-i'-the-arm-Chirrup in Mr. Ivor Brown's *The Goods and the Great*. And how is one to approach a writer who blandly confesses, "The most fruitful polarisation to which I have so far submitted myself was my polarisation with the continent of South America. The soul of this primordial continent, over which the spirit has scarcely descended, evoked in me for the first time a clear consciousness of the Earth"? "Just so, just so," one mumbles.

It is illuminating to contrast Count Keyserling's dicta with the conclusions of Nicolas Berdyaev in *The Destiny of Man*, which surveys at a far higher level of lucidity, originality and authority the same fundamental problems. This book well justifies the chorus of ecclesiastical praise which greeted its predecessors. There is nothing that savours of the verbal charlatan about M. Berdyaev. He has, as we say, a vast body of learning at his finger-tips; but it has penetrated farther than that. He has mastered, assimilated what he has read, till his illustrations, used economically, are always pregnant. This book is a survey of Christian ethics which is bold in its criticism of Christian dogma. It is a sort of re-edition of *Freedom and the Spirit* from the particular viewpoint of a philosopher considering the questions of good and evil, and considering them especially against the traditional background of Christian speculation. M. Berdyaev condemns all ethical systems which introduce the subject-object dualism, he is hostile to normative ethics and would qualify the Ten Commandments as "tyrannical"; those philosophers who

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The Bird of Time, by George Albee. 7/6

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look upon ethical problems as a kind of *Times* crossword puzzle, a difficulty whose solution has no bearing upon practical life, are similarly dismissed. "Ethics cannot be merely a theoretical philosophical discipline." In a way he and Count Keyserling are saying the same thing, for both within the terms of their very different phraseology are trying to express the supreme value of personal experience, especially where ethical issues are concerned; but where the Count bamboozles, M. Berdyaev elucidates. In the second part of his book he treats in detail the practical side of personal life, considering the same questions as *The Art of Life* raises, but what he has to present is the cool reflection of a philosopher, not the highly coloured rambling of a German Billy Sunday.

RONALD LEWIN

THE BASIC NEEDS

The Human Needs of Labour. By B. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE. *Longmans.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Nearly twenty years ago Mr. Rowntree published a book with the same title as the present volume. But this is not merely a revised edition, but essentially a new work. Since 1914, which was the year used for the price-data in Mr. Rowntree's previous study, there have been not only important changes in the cost of living but also many additions to medical knowledge concerning the requisites of satisfactory nutrition. The older estimates of food needs were made almost exclusively in terms of calories and protein, whereas now it is necessary to take account both of the distinction between animal and vegetable protein, and of the needs of the body for minerals and vitamins—that is, broadly, for "protective" as well as for energising and body-building food. Moreover, the effect of recent research has been to increase the food allowances for children in terms of man-units, and also to a less extent the allowances for women.

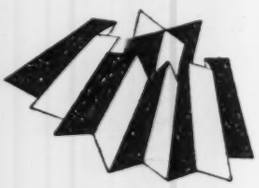
Using the latest available evidence, Mr. Rowntree reaches the conclusion that the minimum to be allowed at 1936 prices for satisfying the food needs of a family of man, wife and three dependent children is 20*s.* 6*d.* a week, or 1*s.* or 2*s.* more if bread is not baked at home. This figure is based on a dietary which is certainly not liberal. Only tinned milk is included, very little fish, and no fruit except one ½ lb. of dates. When housing, clothing and other needs are included, the conclusion is reached that for a family of this size the minimum living wage is 53*s.* a week, on the assumption that the breadwinner is an unskilled labourer engaged not in heavy, but only in moderately heavy, manual work. This is the estimate for urban conditions, in a typical provincial town. For an agricultural worker's family Mr. Rowntree's corresponding figure is 41*s.*, and for a woman worker without dependents 30*s.* 9*d.*—in all cases assuming that the wage is received regularly for fifty-two weeks in the year.

But, even if wages were raised to this minimum level, about one-third of the children in Great Britain, belonging to larger families, would be left insufficiently provided for during five or more of their most critical years. On this account, Mr. Rowntree urges in his conclusions that, in addition to using minimum wage legislation for the purpose of bringing the wages of the worst-paid classes of workers at least up to the proposed standard, it is indispensable, if serious malnutrition is to be averted, to introduce some system of allowances for the children belonging to the larger families. He suggests that a workable scheme, providing 5*s.* a week for each dependent child beyond the standard family, could be financed for substantially less than £6,000,000 a year.

Evidently, Mr. Rowntree is not satisfied that the standards here suggested do meet the reasonable human needs of labour. He emphasises that he is putting them forward only as the bare minimum consistent with healthy living for the worst-paid classes of workers, and that, even so, in some districts, e.g. where rents are high, the minimum figure would have to be increased. He recognises too, that families will in fact not live by bread alone, but will divert a part even of the most meagre incomes to satisfying other needs: so that in practice a higher wage is needed if adequate nutrition is to be secured.

This is a bare outline of Mr. Rowntree's conclusions. His book is short, but full of useful data and well worth the attention of anyone who wants to convert the evidence made available during the past few years on the subject of nutrition into a practical programme of immediate social reform.

G. D. H. COLE



Many Sides

THERE are people who keep no banking account, and there are those who *merely* keep an account. To pay in one's cheques or dividends, and to draw out for one's needs, are right and obvious uses of a bank; these are first essentials. But, if a bank has kept step with the times and still retains its background of a century's tradition, it must at least have become many-sided. It is to popularize the many-sidedness of the Westminster Bank that a small booklet is issued named *Thirty-nine Advantages*, copies of which may be had at the counter of any branch office.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

FRANCO'S SPAIN

Franco Means Business. By GEORGE ROTVAND. *Paladin Press.* 2*s.*

Death in the Morning. By HELEN NICHOLSON. *Lovat Dickson.* 5*s.*

Spaniard's Way. By VITTORIO G. ROSSI. *Herbert Joseph* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Salud! By PEADAR O'DONNELL. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Red, White and Spain. By NIGEL TANGYE. *Rich and Cowan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Books on Spain may be divided, at the present moment, into three classes, works of pure propaganda or pamphlets destined to help one cause or the other, accounts of personal experiences on one side or the other, and travel books culled from material gathered before the civil war and hastily unloaded. I think I have read practically everything that has been published on the subject and I can say that so far all the books show every evidence of being put together in a hurry, some in order to state a case as quickly as possible, most in order to cash in on the civil war in a not very dignified manner; all are heavily padded and all draw largely on other books. Nothing has yet been written with any permanent merit and I advise people who really want to know about things to await the book which Frank Jellinek, who wrote the history of the Paris Commune, is writing out there, or those which Hemingway, Orwell, Frank Pitcairn probably will write when they come back, and there may be poems by Auden and Spender. But for the present any book will show signs of being part of the grab for Iberia and I recommend only the admirable Spanish Government and medical aid pamphlets, and such articles as compress the writer's experience instead of inflating it. Carlos Prieto's *Spanish Front* is the best short summary of events leading to the war. These books here, with the exception of *Salud*, are all in varying degrees pro-Franco, and they have a certain interest on account of the extreme lack of documentation about events on his side, and, above all, on account of the mentality of the people who write them, although of course, "it can't happen here."

Franco Means Business is sheer propaganda. I recommend it to

Gad, sir, Duff Cooper's right!

The Secretary for War is reported as saying, in connection with the new Army uniforms, that in choosing blue in preference to scarlet he was partly influenced by expense, but also, he said, "because I do not believe that the Englishman likes to be very conspicuously dressed. It has always been his object to be well dressed without being conspicuous."

The Gosses are glad to be given at least one opportunity during their lifetime of agreeing with the Secretary for War. That mythical being, the "average Englishman," does, as a rule, like to be inconspicuously dressed. There are exceptions to prove the average, and Goss can satisfy unusual demands as well as any other tailor who knows his job, but the great majority of customers who come to Goss are as Mr. Duff Cooper has described them.

The chief aim of Goss tailoring is to give the customer what he wants—down to the smallest detail.

We had a new customer from abroad the other day who said that he was used to having anything from five to fifteen fittings! His requirements were unusual, but presented no difficulty. We said we were usually satisfied with two fittings but do not limit ourselves. Two fittings were, however, enough, and our new customer has given us further orders.

We extend a special welcome to readers of our advertisements who are making the Coronation an opportunity or an excuse for visiting this country. We have a growing number of overseas customers who make a point of replenishing their wardrobes each time they come to England. In the meantime we have their patterns and can make and send suits required between visits.

The Goss brothers (with Mr. Whitehouse) do all measuring, cutting and fitting personally.

A Goss lounge suit of the highest grade materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit. Dress suits from Nine Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas.

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ST. MARTIN IN-THE-FIELDS

Great Plan to help the homeless and destitute

The Rev. Pat McCormick Explains

TO most people, St. Martin-in-the-Fields suggests the Crypt where thousands of homeless and destitute people seek refuge night after night.

But that is by no means the most important welfare work done by St. Martin's. A night's shelter is not enough to offer a man or woman whose present circumstances are desperate and whose future seems hopeless. These people need to have their lives rebuilt, their self-respect and earning capacity restored. They need to be made healthy, useful citizens again.

And that is what St. Martin's is trying to do with very inadequate space. Thousands of unfortunates now have to be refused aid. Thousands are waiting with the patience of despair till St. Martin's can give the fullest help to all who knock at her doors. For this great enterprise St. Martin's needs a million shillings.

With a million shillings, this church could turn her unused vaults into a unique social and rescue centre in the very district where London's tragic homeless congregate. There, these men and women would be assisted to find shelter, food, clothing and the sympathetic guidance and valuable contacts that would raise them beyond the need of charity.

Friends of St. Martin's in every walk of life—royalty, millionaires, labourers—have already contributed nearly 140,000 shillings. As soon as the Fund reaches 400,000 shillings work can begin.

Will *you* send what you can? If you could see the stricken faces and haunted eyes of those who would benefit, you would not hesitate a moment; you would sign the coupon below and post your contribution at once.

Pat McCormick.

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THE MILLION SHILLINGS FUND, ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, Dept. J. 1., TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

I enclose as my contribution to the work of construction and social welfare to be carried out at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

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ADDRESS _____

anyone who can get a laugh out of the author's painstaking attempt to make a thoroughly unsympathetic character likeable.

> The smooth surface of this character presents nothing to seize hold upon. One looks in vain for the chink in the armour or the Achilles' heel. And—which is a great matter—he knows how to wait. Nothing, for example, has induced him to hurry his offensive against Madrid . . .
>
> In other words, Franco's desire is less to overpower than to charm and to attract. . . .
>
> "The districts," he said at Burgos, "will retain their individuality and their liberties, but on condition that those liberties do not weaken the nation and are compatible with the strictest principles of authority."
>
> "Everybody," the author adds, "was satisfied."

But it is a disappointing book. "Why he, rather than another?" asks the author, and it is not a question, I am afraid, that he has been able to answer.

> It is really hard to explain this mysterious intuition of a nation.

All one gets is a picture of a fat, frugal, taciturn little man who was a better organiser and considerably more up to date and scientific than other Spanish generals, who was ambitious and worked very hard, and had a success with the Moors and the men of the Foreign Legion. It is probable that his greatest crime in the eyes of posterity will be his attempt to put back the clock of European history by recourse to the brute forces of Islam. My only complaint about this book is that, in its brilliant unconscious analysis of the utter barrenness of the rebels' cause, it omits my favourite Franco-ism "Education will be the first care of the new Spain and the subjects taught will be religion and patriotism."

Death In The Morning is an American woman's account of life in Granada during the civil war. It is mostly a tale of unsubstantiated atrocities, a bloodthirsty and ignorant little book. "They're the grandest, toughest-looking set of fighting men I ever saw," she says of the Foreign Legion, and "that afternoon the Albaicin surrendered, and for several days we luxuriated in the blessed silence that followed." Of Lorca's Granada, even of Da Falla's, we hear nothing. Incidentally she expresses one of the commonest fallacies about the civil war. "The February elections had plunged all the members of the Right Wing party into despair, and I heard much of the means by which those elections had been falsified." What were they? Since the Right was in power at the February elections it would not be so easy to dislodge it that way; the corruption was more likely to be on the other side, as anyone who has voted under the aegis of unfriendly authority must realise.

Spaniard's Way is a travel book which has won a literary prize in Italy. It is about Spain in 1934, a lively and observant account of the author's travels, not overtly Fascist, but indirectly so, since it reveals a completely cynical attitude to the Spanish, and reminds one of those clever books about Ireland (fascinating people, but quite unable to govern themselves, of course), and this attitude is apt to jar on the reader very unpleasantly; the book in fact suffers from an unredeemable seediness, the work of a wise-cracking Latin smart-aleck who sneers his way through the peninsula very thoroughly. *Red, White and Spain* is more important. The author felt a definite urge to go out to Franco's Spain last Christmas, and went. He is an ex-naval officer interested in flying, typically Fascist-minded, connected with the *Daily Mail*, restless, adventurous, pro-German, something of an introvert. He went around with German letters to Faupel, etc., and one from Charles Grey, "editor of that outspoken journal *The Aeroplane*, whose shrewd comments on the politics of the day are a constant source of embarrassment to insincere politicians" (and of pleasure to readers of *This England*).

Much of this book is not unsympathetic, for the author, travelling through the length and breadth of Franco's Spain alone in a taxi, has tried to give an honest account of his feelings, his hatred of war, his admiration of the men who are waging it, his own rather complicated position—in many ways they are not unlike those of visitors to the other side—a deepening love and admiration for the Spanish character, a growing impatience with red tape and foreign officials. I enjoyed his description of German etiquette in Spanish hotel dining-rooms. But suddenly the sympathy is withheld. The author can spell hardly any Spanish name correctly and even ventures to explain Spanish history and what he calls "The Pregmatic Sanction." Here is his solution.

> It was the opinion of the small international group that discussed it here this afternoon that the best thing for Spain would be for Franco to govern by a firm military dictatorship, but that this, in view of the latent warring factions within his ranks, would be valueless in itself. It would need to have the influence of one of the powers behind it—something similar to Great Britain and Iraq or Egypt. Then, and then only, will Spain have a chance of fleeing from one hundred and thirty years of bloodshed and unrest.

And why stop at a hundred and thirty-odd years? Should Spain ever have been independent at all? Should it not rather have been administered on the lines of Iraq by Italy and Germany, natural inheritors of the spirit of Romans and Visigoths, since Ferdinand and Isabella? Think of the bloodshed and unrest that would have been saved! And if that is true of Spain, how much truer of England and France! Has France ever governed itself since 1789? Since Charlemagne, since Chilperic? Surely it would benefit by a power behind it, and the lesson of Egypt and Iraq?

Mr. Tangye falls between two stools. His book is not vigorous enough to succeed as propaganda, nor interesting enough to stand by itself. In fact he has padded. Mr. O'Donnell suffers from the same fault. He is a Catholic, an Irish patriot, an agriculturist and fisherman, an advocate, in fact, of green revolutions. He writes rhetorically but with much good sense, and his account of the beginnings of the rising and the early days in Barcelona and on the coast is fascinating. After reading the other books one breathes at last an atmosphere of liberty and experiment and open-mindedness, and one breathes it like the air when a window is opened after a long tunnel. His sympathies are with the anarchists, as must be those of all who saw Catalonia in the early days of the war and from a non-doctrinaire attitude. In Madrid he prefers the Communists. This book is important for the author's knowledge of agrarian problems, his account of the revolutionary meetings to discuss collectivisation, of the beginning of the march on Saragossa, of the arms racket, and for some refreshing criticism of the government censorship. It is the only one of these books to be sensible about atrocities.

In conclusion here are some rules for those now writing books about Spain.

1. Get a friend to correct the spelling mistakes, dates and historical data.

2. If you have only thirty thousand words of experience and are asked for sixty—resign.

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for every kind of Holiday

Ask half-a-dozen people to describe their ideal holiday place and you will receive six different answers Yet it would be difficult to find a holiday-maker to whom some feature of that seventy-mile stretch of magnificent coastline between PWLLHELI and ABERYSTWYTH—the Cambrian Coast—does not make a particular appeal.

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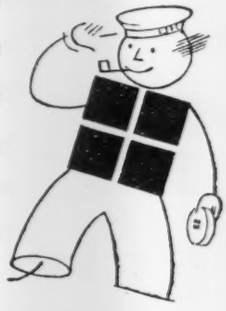
That's one cargo I always carry !

Skippering a liner is no sinecure. It's a full time job — and it calls for a full time tobacco. That's why I changed to Four Square. Fair weather or foul, day in and day out I can smoke it — because it's made from the purest leaf, naturally matured with no artificial flavouring. Yes, little man, ashore or afloat, I'll always find a berth for Four Square !



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Basil Butler

3. Do not make a compilation from all the other books, unless you want your book to be like all the other compilations.

4. What have you got *new* to say? What really exciting things happened to you? What really important people did you meet? Were you in Spain more than ten days? How much of them were spent *outside* the café, the waiting rooms of offices, the train, the hotel?

5. Have a good look at your photographs. How would you like it if someone else started showing them to you? Do you write as well as—see list at beginning of article.

But you will write it all the same. CYRIL CONNOLLY

FASCISM AND WAR

The Road to War. With a Preface by C. R. ATTLEE, M.P. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

War in Spain. By F. WHITE. *Longmans.* 1s. 6d.

Spain Over Britain. By HENRY BLYTHE. *Routledge.* 1s.

Germany Tells the World. *U.D.C.* 6d.

The tendency of the British ruling classes to view the foreign policy of Fascist powers with complacency has disappeared. Alarm and disgust about German and Italian ambitions are almost universal in England, and difference of opinion begins only about the point at which resistance is desirable. Present official policy appears to be to condone Fascist aggression wherever we are not the immediate victims, while at the same time arming in readiness for a struggle with the aggressor Powers which is regarded as inevitable sooner or later. The conclusion which arises from all these four very different books is that the time to resist Fascist aggression is now and in Spain. The war in Spain is the natural corollary of the failure to stand up to Mussolini and Hitler.

In *The Road to War* Vigilantes (part only of that famous team has been responsible for this book) argues the anti-Fascist case with characteristic vigour and with that care for documentation and accuracy which has always been so trying to supporters of the National Government. The same thesis is sustained in *Germany Tells the World*, which gives a detailed summary of Hitler's past policy and achievements in Western Europe and the Balkans, an analysis of Nazi utterances and activities in the colonial field and a survey, giving chapter and verse, of the facts about German intervention in Spain. All the background of Guernica is here.

War in Spain is the most objective document that has yet appeared on the Spanish struggle. Miss White has followed events with detachment and a pair of scissors; the result is a most valuable little source book. Here is the exact order of events and the facts, as far as we can tell from existing documents about the history of the revolt, the war stage by stage, non-intervention in all its phases, the expressed war aims of the combatants and the various efforts that were made by foreign Powers to bring relief to the distressed population. After a careful examination of the question of Fascist or Soviet responsibility for the Spanish war she writes: "This note is offered to the open mind. Partisans of either side will pay no heed to it, for it is a discouraging reflection upon human intelligence that propagandists first invent and then believe their own propaganda." Miss White finds a true bill against the Fascists.

Spain Over Britain is written from quite a different point of view. It resembles Miss White's book in containing no adjective that is calculated to rouse an emotional response, and argues from the imperial point of view the same thesis that *Germany Tells the World* and *The Road to War* argue from a "Left" point of view. British people, brought up to assume that the Mediterranean is an Anglo-French lake, will find Mr. Blythe's cold analysis of rival imperial interests disquieting as well as illuminating. The author, who may have to remain anonymous because of a close association with the fighting services, discusses the value of the great strategic centres in the Mediterranean to each of the Powers concerned and concludes that the defeat of Franco in Spain is of vital importance to the British Empire.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Story of Dictatorship from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By E. E. KELLETT. *Nicholson and Watson.* 4s. 6d.

Mr. Kellett has written a very readable and useful little book. Starting from Abimelech, the son of the Canaanite woman, he selects various dictators of different times and countries, tells their stories, and analyses the methods and results of their rule. In this Odyssey of misrule he conducts us through the ages and through Palestine, Athens, Corinth, Sicily, Renaissance Florence and Mantua, Napoleonic France, South America and many other places, to the Berlin of the Nazis and the Rome of the Fascists. Readers will find in his narrative many curious and interesting facts about dictators and their history, some of which will probably be new to them. Mr. Kellett makes one thing extremely clear, namely, that the methods of dictatorships and their results have had an extraordinary sameness from the earliest times to the present day. Hitler and Mussolini have practically nothing new which they could teach to Abimelech in Palestine over two thousand years ago or to Agathocles, dictator of Syracuse, whose "ruthlessness" was almost too much even for Machiavelli. Mr. Kellett adds an interesting chapter of "conclusions" and reflections upon the methods required in our own country if we are to escape the political disease of dictatorship which is now so epidemic in the rest of Europe.

The Lost One: A Biography of Mary (Perdita) Robinson. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

Miss Steen's study of Perdita is mainly derived from that much vilified woman's autobiography as it may be checked by contemporary evidence or corrected by common sense when it is self-contradictory. Miss Steen tells Perdita's story with a rollicking bravura that harmonises with the Rowlandson and other caricatures that adorn the book; indeed, throughout she sees her period as Rowlandson saw it, gross, vulgar, and grotesque, and, as she writes also with hearty human bias, we feel that we are reading contemporary gossip rather than historical reconstruction. On the whole Perdita comes fairly well out of the inquisition; as harmless and inexpensive a royal mistress as any known to history. Yet from her first meeting with Florizel to her final parting from him she was the butt of every lampooner of the time. Miss Steen is at her best when describing Mary Robinson's stage career, and the portrait that remains when the tale is told is that of a lady of easy virtue, never quite resigned in her lapses and always desiring respectability; a woman of courage, who bit no hand that had ever fed her, who vilified none who deserted her, and who, whatever else she was, was no gold-digger.

Curtsey While You're Thinking . . . . By GERTRUDE KINGSTON. *Williams and Norgate.* 15s.

As the title, borrowed from "Alice," warns us, there is very little method in these reminiscences, and so reticent at times is the author that those who do not know her personally will be left vainly guessing the information that should be but is not given. Admirers of Miss Kingston who know her only as an actress of real distinction will seek in vain in these pages a coherent story of her stage career, of the parts she played or of the companies to which she was attached. Time after time she is on the point it seems of gratifying us, when she drops another curtsey, and changes the subject. Her reminiscences, however, spasmodic and broken as they are, are often singularly attractive. Her study of herself as child and young woman is shrewd and witty and full of understanding, and she makes her escape from a narrow Victorian young-ladyhood into the wider world of art a real adventure. She writes with charm of her training in Berlin and Paris, and of her subsequent attack on the professional theatre via Sarah Thorne's school at Margate. The latter part of the book has a different appeal, as it deals with the author's adventures in the politico-economic field as an advocate of woman's suffrage and as a champion of the theatrical profession; and here the lacunae are at times exasperatingly noticeable.

Remembering Kut: "Lest We Forget." By DOLINA L. NEAVE. *Barker.* 12s. 6d.

The "Recessional" tag that Lady Neave appends to her title does not convey her meaning very clearly. There is so much to remember with exultation, with anger, and with shame. What she would have us remember is the heroism with which the rank and file met the gross and gratuitous ill-treatment they suffered when they were marched away into captivity after the capitulation. With the assistance of the late General Melliss, who died when the first draft of the book was finished, Lady Neave tells the story of those dreadful marches of tired and starved and ragged and sick men, often in the words of the sufferers. She tells, moreover, of their courage that excited the admiration of Turk and German when, a tattered remnant, they marched through jeering crowds in the towns they passed. It is well that these things should be remembered. But more important it is to remember that all the horrors here related were due to the tragic incompetence of Anglo-Indian "Intelligence," which in addition to misjudging everything, numbers, equipment, commissariat, etc., etc., added the amazing ineptitude of sending Mohammedan troops to invade the dominion of the Caliph! A generation has grown up since Kut. It may read this book with advantage, for this is war as the "authorities" devise it and battalions and brigades and divisions suffer it.

Queens and Princesses of Olden Days. By MARY TERESA FORTESCUE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Judging by the crowds that assembled at 5 a.m. (Greenwich time) on a chilly morning to see an empty state coach tried out, there must be thousands of people ready and anxious to read about queens and princesses. Hence the appearance of Mrs. Fortescue's book is distinctly opportune. The author moved with ease through the intricacies of the Almanach de Gotha and her amiable essays in royal biography will

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Sir Kingsley Wood says:

"MORE CAN AND MUST BE DONE

to remove this blot from civilisation."

Yes, more *can* be done. But only if sufficient funds are forthcoming to provide the most up-to-date methods of treatment and to enable research work to be carried on unceasingly.

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There is patriotism in peace as well as in war and it is a sublime duty as well as an act of charity to help in the Crusade against the deadly enemy Cancer. Will you do *your* bit by sending a gift to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

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explain to the curious who is related to whom and how. In the main the ladies dealt with were virtuous; but there is an admirable sketch of Catherine the Great, and some passing references to other princesses who were of an indecorously amorous disposition. The "olden days" of the title are no older than the eighteenth century and the bulk of the book is devoted to the women of the petty German courts of that century and the earlier years of the nineteenth. The Bourbons, however, have not been overlooked.

The Science of Social Adjustment. By SIR JOSIAH STAMP. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

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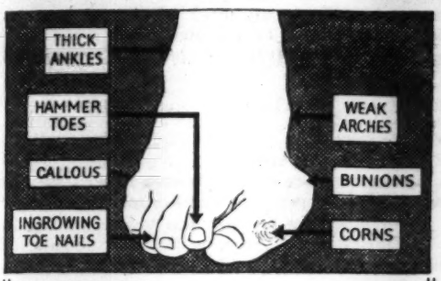

Simply by the Shoes you wear!

IF you think this sounds too good to be true, come and consult Dr. S. D. Fairweather, M.A., M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), at Charles H. Baber's and let him advise you personally on the type of shoes which will rid you of your particular complaint once and for all.

Without cost or obligation, Dr. Fairweather or one of his specially trained assistants will explain how, by giving your feet the freedom and natural exercise they need, his Progressive Shoes will enable you to regain complete foot-health *as you walk!* No other treatment, operations or exercises are necessary.

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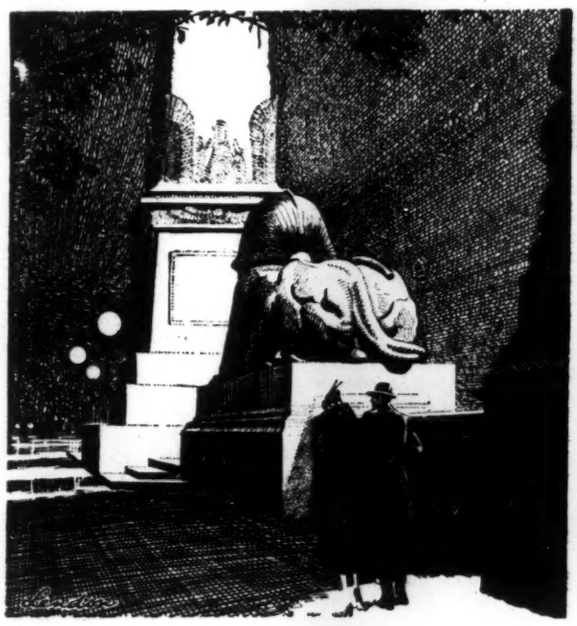

'BETTER BUY
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they're blended better

IMAGINE YOURSELF, a Londoner, strolling along the Embankment. In front of you, a man and girl are walking. As you pass them, you hear a snatch of their conversation: "— they really *are* blended better, you know". Next day she, also, tries Capstan — and likes them . . . . . And so it goes on . . . . . and on . . . . . We supply the cigarettes smokers demand.

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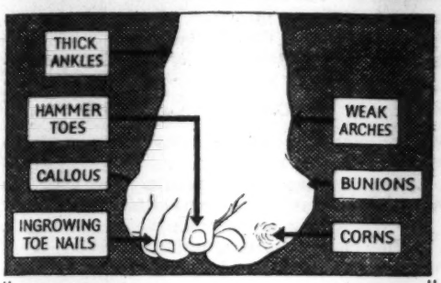

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Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC 508 H

SECOND PRIZE

I am the Leader : thou art free
To have no other Gods but me.
Worship no graven image : few
In works of art excel the Jew.
Be not forsworn, but let the nation
Swear with a mental reservation.
Keep thou thy week-end free : I may
Provoke a war next Saturday.
Honour thy parents, if the man
And woman both are Aryan.
Thou shalt not kill : need it be stated
Opponents must be "liquidated"?
Keep pure the race : my laws enforce
In all mixed marriages divorce.
We never steal : our virile land
Asserts its title to "expand."
No person shall indulge in slander,
Save Ministers of propaganda.
Desire is sin ; so we'll remove it
By taking everything we covet.

UNIPED

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 227.—NUMBERWELL

My energetic friend Numberwell had been sitting brooding in the sun.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked him.

"About Gaffer's age."

"?"

"It's interesting, Gaffer's age is. It's equal to the sum of the ages of his grandchildren—no two of whom were born in the same year."

"And how many grandchildren has he?"

"How many?" said Numberwell. "He has the maximum number possible, consistent with the fact that he's not a centenarian and with what I've told you and am going to tell you now."

"Go ahead," I said. "I'm listening."

"Good," said Numberwell. "The point that interests me then—it's what my mind was working on just now—is that neither Gaffer's age, nor any of his grandchildren's ages, is a Naby. By age, of course" (he added) "I mean age in years."

"And what on earth," I asked, "is a Naby?"

"A Naby?" said Numberwell. "Oh, the term is an invention of my own. A Naby is any integral number which can be expressed as the sum of three integers, *a*, *b* and *ab*."

"Do they all have to be different integers?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Numberwell. "The smallest Naby is 3."

What is the age of Numberwell, who is the oldest of Gaffer's grandchildren?

PROBLEM 225.—AT THE GOLDEN PHEASANT (I)

I am holding over the solution of this difficult problem pending consideration of points raised by competitors.

Some solvers complain that they do not understand by what process the Professor "cheated in the draw." It seems to me there is only one way he could do so—by selecting his own slip before passing round the "receptacle." At any rate, this is what he did. I would ask solvers to look again at the second question posed.

The problem is neither indeterminate nor so simple as several competitors seem to think.

PROBLEM 224.—CHESS AT BARCHESTER

A set of Lowe's cartoons goes to: C. E. Smith, Bowles House, 37 Eltham Road, Lee Green, S.E.12. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

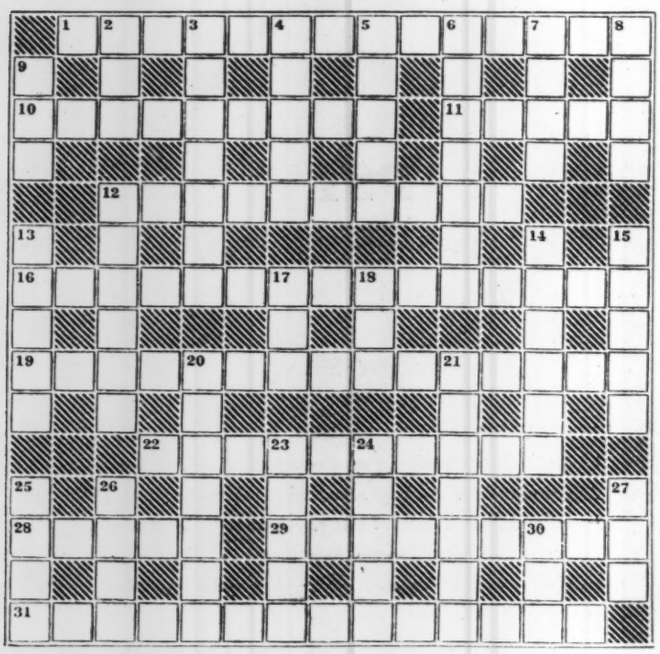
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 374

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
N. K. Stephen, 42 Eton Avenue, N.W.3

ACROSS.

1. To him a crown means more than 5*s*.
10. Dogged description of King Christian's representative for the Coronation.
11. Yawning appearance of the crowd as the procession approaches.
12. Does its bearer keep weapons up his sleeve?
16. How Jack colours when he gets fluttered.
19. Its address will be Westminster Abbey, not Houses of Parliament, on Wednesday.
22. Address of one's wife.
28. Nowadays often accounted for electrically by the "metric" system.
29. Describes all but the O.M.s of course.
31. One might call it the crowning octave.

DOWN.

2 and 27. Finishes round me.
3. How to give the cheater a lesson.
4. A bit of poetry would put her at once in good humour.
5. The laughing-stock of creation.
6. Of course how the crowd would have liked to close round 22.
7. Cross-beam.
8. Takes the leading position on the back steps.
9. See 18.
12. Shows that the beggar got what he asked for.
13. Candida is a capital place for it.
14. 'Flu begins to set up such an agitation.
15. This is instrumental in letting a tenant in.
17 (rev.) and 30. The practice of firing wives.
18 (rev.) and 9. This man is not an Irish fruiterer.
20. Might describe the progress of one in deep field after the sixth ball.
21. Final quarrel at the back of the lines.
23. Horse that will go uphill?
24. Elephant that was half a god.
25. A great story seen in Empire Picture Theatres.
26. A section of the London–Crewe railway line.
27. See 2.
30. See 17.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	C	I	S	S	E	L	■	G	R	U	M	B	L	E
E	■	N	■	C	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	R	■	C
M	I	S	C	O	N	S	T	R	U	C	T	I	O	N
I	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	D	■	A
T	I	R	E	D	■	S	U	B	S	T	Y	L	A	R
I	■	A	■	I	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	U
C	A	N	O	N	I	C	A	L	■	P	L	A	I	D
■	■	C	■	G	■	A	■	D	■	R	■	N	■	■
E	V	E	N	S	■	K	N	I	F	E	E	D	G	E
N	■	P	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	M	■	S	■	X
D	O	O	R	P	O	S	T	S	■	A	V	A	S	T
O	■	L	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	D	■	E
W	H	I	T	E	M	A	N	S	B	U	R	D	E	N
E	■	C	■	S	■	N	■	T	■	R	■	L	■	D
D	R	Y	S	H	O	D	■	S	E	E	K	E	R	S

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

THE Annual General Court of the Alliance Assurance Company was held on Wednesday, May 5th, at the Head Office in London.

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The Fire business is that which has been most affected by the foreign events to which I have referred. Nevertheless, owing to the development in our Home business, we can congratulate ourselves on the results of our trading operations in the Fire Department during the past year. There is a moderate increase in our premium income, and the surplus of £354,652, though about £50,000 less than last year, is still very substantial.

In the Accident Department there is a further substantial increase of nearly £60,000 in the premium income.

I am glad to say that the results of the Motor business show an improvement. In the Workmen's Compensation section there is a small increase in our premium income, but the cost of claims has risen. Turning to the Marine account, you will see that our net premium income for the year is about £10,000 higher.

Before passing from the Marine account, I should like to say a word about the great debt we owe to Messrs. Chubb and Son, of New York. As you know, we do not transact Fire or Accident business in the United States of America, but we have for many years had the great advantage of sharing in the Marine business of Messrs. Chubb and Son. This has proved most profitable to the Company.

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I think it is no exaggeration to say that the proposed National Defence Contribution Tax has been a severe shock to the City. It is to be hoped that the modifications which the Chancellor has promised to make in the original proposals will achieve the objects which he has in view. In any case, however, I do not think that so far as this Company is concerned, the effects can be very serious. We can face any fluctuations in market values which are due to factors other than those affecting the intrinsic security, with comparative equanimity—in fact, we should welcome a moderate fall in prices if, as a corollary, it were to become possible to invest our new money on more remunerative terms and to obtain a higher rate of interest on our mortgages.

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MR. ROBERT H. MARSH, F.C.A., seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

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CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND

Lots more people will be enjoying holidays this year than last, but there will still be many thousands of the poorest children who will spend the summer in the London slums unless we can take them into the country. A fortnight's holiday costs a pound per child. The parents contribute according to their means. Please address:

THE EARL OF ARRAN, "N.S. & N." Appeal, Children's Country Holidays Fund, 17 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

SECOND PRIZE

I am the Leader : thou art free
To have no other Gods but me.
Worship no graven image : few
In works of art excel the Jew.
Be not forsworn, but let the nation
Swear with a mental reservation.
Keep thou thy week-end free : I may
Provoke a war next Saturday.
Honour thy parents, if the man
And woman both are Aryan.
Thou shalt not kill : need it be stated
Opponents must be "liquidated"?
Keep pure the race : my laws enforce
In all mixed marriages divorce.
We never steal : our virile land
Asserts its title to "expand."
No person shall indulge in slander,
Save Ministers of propaganda.
Desire is sin ; so we'll remove it
By taking everything we covet.

UNIPED

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 227.—NUMBERWELL

My energetic friend Numberwell had been sitting brooding in the sun.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked him.

"About Gaffer's age."

"?"

"It's interesting, Gaffer's age is. It's equal to the sum of the ages of his grandchildren—no two of whom were born in the same year."

"And how many grandchildren has he?"

"How many?" said Numberwell. "He has the maximum number possible, consistent with the fact that he's not a centenarian and with what I've told you and am going to tell you now."

"Go ahead," I said. "I'm listening."

"Good," said Numberwell. "The point that interests me then—it's what my mind was working on just now—is that neither Gaffer's age, nor any of his grandchildren's ages, is a Naby. By age, of course" (he added) "I mean age in years."

"And what on earth," I asked, "is a Naby?"

"A Naby?" said Numberwell. "Oh, the term is an invention of my own. A Naby is any integral number which can be expressed as the sum of three integers, *a*, *b* and *ab*."

"Do they all have to be different integers?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Numberwell. "The smallest Naby is 3."

What is the age of Numberwell, who is the oldest of Gaffer's grandchildren?

PROBLEM 225.—AT THE GOLDEN PHEASANT (I)

I am holding over the solution of this difficult problem pending consideration of points raised by competitors.

Some solvers complain that they do not understand by what process the Professor "cheated in the draw." It seems to me there is only one way he could do so—by selecting his own slip before passing round the "receptacle." At any rate, this is what he did. I would ask solvers to look again at the second question posed.

The problem is neither indeterminate nor so simple as several competitors seem to think.

PROBLEM 224.—CHESS AT BARCHESTER

A set of Lowe's cartoons goes to: C. E. Smith, Bowles House, 37 Eltham Road, Lee Green, S.E.12. *Seven* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

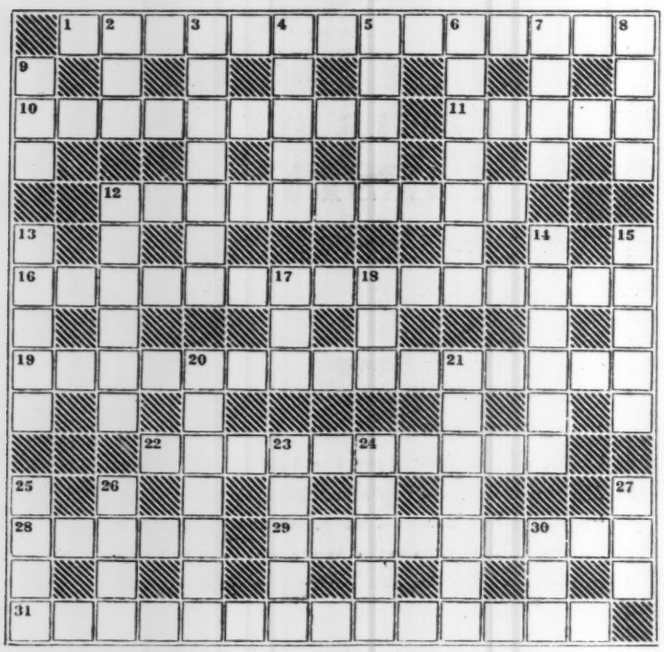
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 374

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
N. K. Stephen, 42 Eton Avenue, N.W.3

ACROSS.

1. To him a crown means more than 5*s*.
10. Dogged description of King Christian's representative for the Coronation.
11. Yawning appearance of the crowd as the procession approaches.
12. Does its bearer keep weapons up his sleeve?
16. How Jack colours when he gets fluttered.
19. Its address will be Westminster Abbey, not Houses of Parliament, on Wednesday.
22. Address of one's wife.
28. Nowadays often accounted for electrically by the "metric" system.
29. Describes all but the O.M.s of course.
31. One might call it the crowning octave.

DOWN.

2 and 27. Finishes round me.
3. How to give the cheater a lesson.
4. A bit of poetry would put her at once in good humour.
5. The laughing-stock of creation.
6. Of course how the crowd would have liked to close round 22.
7. Cross-beam.
8. Takes the leading position on the back steps.
9. See 18.
12. Shows that the beggar got what he asked for.
13. Candida is a capital place for it.
14. 'Flu begins to set up such an agitation.
15. This is instrumental in letting a tenant in.
17 (rev.) and 30. The practice of firing wives.
18 (rev.) and 9. This man is not an Irish fruiterer.
20. Might describe the progress of one in deep field after the sixth ball.
21. Final quarrel at the back of the lines.
23. Horse that will go uphill?
24. Elephant that was half a god.
25. A great story seen in Empire Picture Theatres.
26. A section of the London–Crewe railway line.
27. See 2.
30. See 17.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	C	I	S	S	E	L	■	G	R	U	M	B	L	E
E	■	N	■	C	■	O	■	A	■	N	■	R	■	C
M	I	S	C	O	N	S	T	R	U	C	T	I	O	N
I	■	U	■	L	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	D	■	A
T	I	R	E	D	■	S	U	B	S	T	Y	L	A	R
I	■	A	■	I	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	E	■	U
C	A	N	O	N	I	C	A	L	■	P	L	A	I	D
■	■	C	■	G	■	A	■	D	■	R	■	N	■	■
E	V	E	N	S	■	K	N	I	F	E	E	D	G	E
N	■	P	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	M	■	S	■	X
D	O	O	R	P	O	S	T	S	■	A	V	A	S	T
O	■	L	■	L	■	T	■	I	■	T	■	D	■	E
W	H	I	T	E	M	A	N	S	B	U	R	D	E	N
E	■	C	■	S	■	N	■	T	■	R	■	L	■	D
D	R	Y	S	H	O	D	■	S	E	E	K	E	R	S

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS RECOVER—L.P.T.B. STOCKS—DEARER STEEL—SUPERABUNDANT GOLD—NEW ZEALAND

AFTER a dismal April culminating in last week's disproportionate slump, May has brought the investor better things. By last Friday "technical" liquidation had run its course, and on Monday, when it was realised that fears of an avalanche of sales by frightened investors were groundless and that adequate arrangements inside the "House" had been made to take care of weak professional "positions," a sizeable rally was staged in practically every section of the market. Up to Thursday the recovery was well sustained, though there was no evidence of large-scale buying by the general public. Economic indicators—rising retail turnover in March, a large increase during April in numbers employed, the impressive expansion of provincial bank clearings—are highly encouraging from the City angle. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain appears to have given the Trade and Industry Committee of the House of Commons the definite impression that he stands firmly by the "principle" of N.D.C., subject to "reasonable" amendment. Pending the publication of the Finance Bill, uncertainties are bound to keep speculative exuberance in check; and, unless 1936 or an equally favourable period is conceded as a basis for "standard" profits, Stock Exchange disappointment will doubtless lead to a renewed recession. In any event, indications are that investors may no longer be content to look favourably on equities yielding under 4 per cent. Something nearer 4¾ per cent. may well become the accepted standard, even for "gilt-edged" industrials like Imperial Chemical and Imperial Tobacco. If that be so, there are obvious limits to share price "recovery."

* * *

It is not quite true to say that the London Passenger Transport Board cannot shorten the busman's day because of an obligation to pay 5½ per cent. on its "C" stock. It has never yet paid 5½ per cent. and apparently it is only bound to pay 5½ per cent. once in every three years from June, 1935. This it could do by dipping into its renewals reserve, but even if it refused to indulge in such unsound practices, what then? The "C" stockholders would, of course, have the right to apply to the Court for the appointment of a receiver, but would it profit them? They would probably be worse off than before. The "C" stock has now fallen to 85 and I cannot understand why it has not fallen more—even without a busmen's strike. Costs are rising rapidly. Quite apart from the cost of shortening the busman's day, the fuel bill has risen considerably this year. The price of petrol, for example, has been advanced by 1½*d.* per gallon, and even if the Board obtains its petrol at special contract rates there must have been some increase in their rates. One penny on petrol, it has been estimated, costs the "C" stock a dividend of ½ per cent. For the year ending June, 1936, allowing for the strike losses, earnings will probably fall below the previous year's 4 per cent. (although gross receipts for the nine months to March were 2.8 per cent. up) and it is doubtful whether the compulsory 5½ per cent. will be paid in the year 1937/8. Of course fares can be raised, but is it good policy to increase the cost of living of Londoners in order to pay 5½ per cent. on the "C" stock? The market feels that this is a test case in the question of public boards versus public ownership. Public boards pretend to pay commercial rates to their employees and commercial rates to their investors. Can this fiction be maintained?

* * *

The most significant indication which has so far emerged that rising raw material prices have begun to affect costs, even in the more advanced stages of manufacturing processes, is the revised schedule of selling prices issued by the Iron and Steel Federation with the approval of the Import Duties Advisory Committee. Advances in price ranging from 17½ to 25 per cent. are announced for the industry's key products. The increases are steep. Justification is claimed for them on the ground that since May, 1936, when the last advance in prices took effect, costs of scrap steel have risen by 20 per cent., iron ore by 28 per cent., and coke by 30 per cent. Since there has been no comparable increase in labour charges or "overheads," the rise in selling prices now approved is warranted only on the supposition that it is intended to cover a further advance in raw material and fuel prices. Moreover the "vertical" steel combines, controlling their own coking plants, have not had their costs raised against them to the same degree as the non-integrated concerns. From the investor's standpoint, any damage recently done by dearer coke and iron ore to iron and steel profit-margins now seems prettily repaired. Consett, Guest Keen, Hadfields and United Steel become *pro tanto* more attractive as medium-term investments. The reverse of the medal applies to the position of the large steel consumers—railways, shipbuilders, the motor industry. It remains to be seen how far these higher steel prices can be passed on without affecting final demand.

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Boothby asked the Chancellor whether he was aware that the U.S. Treasury had bought and sterilised this year over $500,000,000 of gold, and whether the British Treasury was prepared to co-operate in the purchase of fresh supplies of gold becoming available for monetary purposes. To this highly pertinent question Mr. Chamberlain gave a studiously non-committal reply. The Tripartite Monetary Agreement provided for "general co-operation," and gold was being purchased by this country "when necessary." What is the Chancellor's conception of "necessity"? Until the world's distribution of monetary gold is evened out by the liberalisation of international trade and resumption of large-scale foreign lending by the creditor countries, the present enormously increased rate of gold production may ultimately lead to a serious gold-inflation of credit and prices unless supplies are sterilised. If an undue proportion of the burden of sterilising gold is allowed to fall on the U.S. Treasury, thereby intensifying Mr. Roosevelt's budget problem, there are bound to be recurrent scares lest the U.S. Administration should seek to check the influx by lowering—with a disturbingly deflationary effect—the U.S. buying price for gold. The need to-day is not, as the Board of the B.I.S. seems inclined to think, to curtail gold production, but to conserve fresh supplies so that they may be available for redistribution in due course. For this purpose the co-operation of the leading central banks is just as vital (and, hitherto, as far to seek) as it was in 1929, when monetary gold shortage was the trouble.

* * *

Socialism will scare the conservative investor out of anything, and the present Socialist Government in New Zealand has made the Dominion Government stocks extremely unpopular on the Stock Exchange. The principle of the New Zealand Labour

THE STABILITY of an investment in the shares of British banks and insurance companies during a period of collapsed markets, forced liquidations and international unrest has been clearly demonstrated by the events of the past few weeks. The market movements of these shares are reflected with great accuracy in the price of Bank-Insurance Units which is calculated from day to day on the certified market prices of 52 leading banks, discount companies and insurance companies. During the month of April the invested funds of the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares showed a depreciation of less than 1 per cent. and the price of the Units remained unchanged. No class of securities except British Funds has shown such resistance to misfortune.

For particulars of Unit Trust investments in bank and insurance shares apply to any Stockbroker or Bank or to the address below:

TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LTD.

Managers of Trust of Bank Shares, Trust of Insurance Shares and Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares

THIRTY CORNHILL
LONDON, E.C.3

McN2023

Party is that the total internal and external trade of the Dominion depends upon the purchasing power of all its inhabitants, and cannot be increased unless purchasing power is increased simultaneously with, and in proportion to, the expansion of production. This sounds quite innocuous but it involves the guaranteeing to farmers of basic prices for their products and the marketing by the Government of dairy produce in the open market. This is lovely for both Government and farmers when world prices are rising, but is extremely dangerous when world prices fall. The Government's scheme also involves the writing down of mortgages and rents, an expansion in all the social services and the guaranteeing of the purchasing power of all employees whether agricultural or industrial or public servants, i.e. a guaranteed minimum weekly wage and a maximum working week. Naturally, the State has taken control of the public credit by nationalising the Reserve Bank, which becomes the head of a national banking system. The banks are to operate on the basis of cost but no profit. Certainly this is the most complete scheme of Socialism yet formulated in any British Dominion, and I am not surprised that shareholders of such companies as New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency are selling their stock, but surely for the holders of New Zealand Government bonds the important question is not Socialism in New Zealand but trade in Great Britain. In 1936 New Zealand exports amounted to £45,584,000, giving a surplus over imports of £10,135,000. The service of the New Zealand overseas debt was about £8,000,000, so that the question of default does not immediately arise. Overseas funds of the New Zealand Reserve Bank and trading banks have fallen, but are still adequate as a reserve for the service of the debt. In January, 1936, they were £38,369,000, and in January, 1937, £28,574,000. In the following table we give the yields at present market prices of representative New Zealand Government stocks.

	Present Price.	Yields, %. Flat.	Redemption.
New Zealand 3½%, 1955/60 ..	96	£3 13 0	£3 15 9
" " 3½%, 1949/54 ..	96	3 13 6	3 17 6
" " 4½%, 1944 ..	102	4 9 0	4 6 0
" " 4½%, 1948/58 ..	101½	4 9 3	4 8 0

In view of the political uncertainties I suggest an exchange from the low-coupon to the high-coupon short-dated stocks.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

ABBEY HOUSE
BAKER STREET, N.W.1

CVS—292

Company Meeting

SPILLERS LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS

THE RT. HON. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON, Chairman of Spillers, Ltd., presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Company on Saturday at Cardiff, said that the amount due to depositors under the head of Creditors had been reduced largely as the result of the Board's decision to cease to accept money on deposit at three months' notice, while the total of the reserves had been increased by £100,000 as the result of an addition of that amount to the General Reserve. The value of stocks had increased by some £540,000, which was due to the increase in the price of Wheat and Grain which in turn was mainly responsible for a decrease in investments by about £800,000.

THE WHEAT MARKET

The Wheat Market during the year had been extremely difficult. After rises amounting to well over 20s. per quarter, there was a severe break in prices amounting to about 8s. per quarter. In those difficult conditions, the Board had unswervingly maintained their policy of buying only for milling requirements. High prices of raw materials led to high prices for the finished article, which was of no advantage whatever to the Company.

The Company's Animal and Poultry Foods trade continued to grow in volume and importance. Deliveries during the year created a new record which was very gratifying as the period had been one of difficulty for those engaged in Agricultural pursuits. The Company's Dog Foods trade also continued to make good progress, and an expansion in deliveries had again to be reported.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE MILL

With regard to the Company's new mill at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the silos which were now complete had been designed to store over 150,000 quarters of grain, and ships' cargoes could be discharged into those silos at the rate of 150 tons an hour. The Flour Mill and Provender Mill were situated above the warehouse, so that manufactured goods could be placed in store by force of gravity only. It was the first building of its type in Europe, and the highest mill building in the world. It was confidently expected that the mill would be in production at the date of the next Annual Meeting.

It was a source of gratification to the Board to be able to report a further improvement in the working conditions of the Company's flour mill employees. A reduction of approximately two hours per week in working time had been introduced without any diminution in the rate of wage. A further advance was the guarantee by the Industry to its employees in England and Wales of a system of security whereby they would not suffer by reason of unemployment due to short time running. With regard to the Provender side of the Industry, a Provender Milling Employers' Federation had been formed, and it was hoped that, as a result, there would be a general raising of wages for men in the Provender Industry throughout the country.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

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Cuckoo Narrow
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Prospects are good in KENYA

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London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. On Your Toes. Tues., Th., Sat.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F., S.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Mile Away Murder. Wed., Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Night Alone. Tu., W., S.

HIPPODROME. "Big Business." Th., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LITTLE. The Ascent of F.6. Thurs. & Sat.

MERCURY. In Theatre Street. Fri., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. The Good Fairy. Thurs., 20th.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Tu., Th., S.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. Tu., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Evgs., 8.30 (ex Mons.) Tem. 6404.
W., Th., S., 2.30. 2 extra Perfs. May 17, 2.30, 8.30.
No Perfs. Coronation Day.
JANE EYRE

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn.
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

CAMBRIDGE. Tem. Bar. 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT
A Musical Revue of English History.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161. EVGS., 8.15.
Mats., SAT., TUES., May 11th, & THURS., 2.30.
"ON YOUR TOES"
JACK WHITING, OLIVE BLAKENEY, VERA ZORINA.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
2 extra Mats., May 15 & 17, at 2.30.
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MILE AWAY MURDER
by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG
(Author of "*Ten Minute Alibi*").

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.40. W., S., May 11, 2.30.
NIGHT ALONE
with RICHARD BIRD.
"A Night of Laughs."—*Daily Mail.* Tem. 5122.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.
Mat., Mon., May 10, instead of Wed., May 12.

LITTLE. Tem. 6501. 8.30 (W., 9 p.m.) Th., Sat., 2.30.
THE ASCENT OF F.6.
"NO QUESTION, THIS IS THE MOST NOTABLE THING IN OUR THEATRE." — *News-Chronicle.*

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Comedy in Two Parts by Lenormand.
"ANOTHER MERCURY SUCCESS."—*Morning Post.*

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774. Evgs., 8.30 (Ex. Mon.).
W., Th., Sat., 2.30. 2 extra Perfs., May 17, 2.30, 8.30.
No Perfs. Coronation Day.
NANCY PRICE in **WHITEOAKS**

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331). FRIDAY, May 14, at 8
(subsequently, 8.30). First Mat., Thurs., 20th, 2.30.
THE GOOD FAIRY
An audacious comedy by Ferenc Molnar.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
8.30 (exc. Wed.). Tu., Th. & Sat., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & SAT., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
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The Dominant Sex By Michael Egan.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Wed., Sat., 5 p.m.
Boyd's Shop By St. John Ervine.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Parnell By Elsie J. Schauffler.

MANCHESTER. Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
Ten Minute Alibi By Anthony Armstrong.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

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Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before May 15th, 1937.

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Candidates requiring acknowledgement of their applications and later notification of the result must enclose two stamped and addressed envelopes.

Mark applications and covering envelopes "Deputy Editor."

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States' Greffe Office. H. LE RICHE EDWARDS,
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Labour and Imperialism J. F. HORRABIN
Jewish Labour and Nationalism "MARXIST"
"Cominternationalism" KENNETH LEE
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A Lecture on "RECENT MOVEMENTS IN JURISPRUDENCE—THE QUEST OF OBJECTIVITY" will be given by PROF. ROSCOE POUND (Dean of the Faculty of Laws and Professor of General Jurisprudence in Harvard University) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on WEDNESDAY, 19th MAY, 1937, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without Ticket.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, May 9th, at 11, MISS CICELY HAMILTON: "THE NEGLECTED VIRTUE OF JUSTICE." 7.0, MR. H. J. BLACKHAM: "REFLECTIONS ON REARMAMENT."

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